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AUCASSIN
NICOLETE







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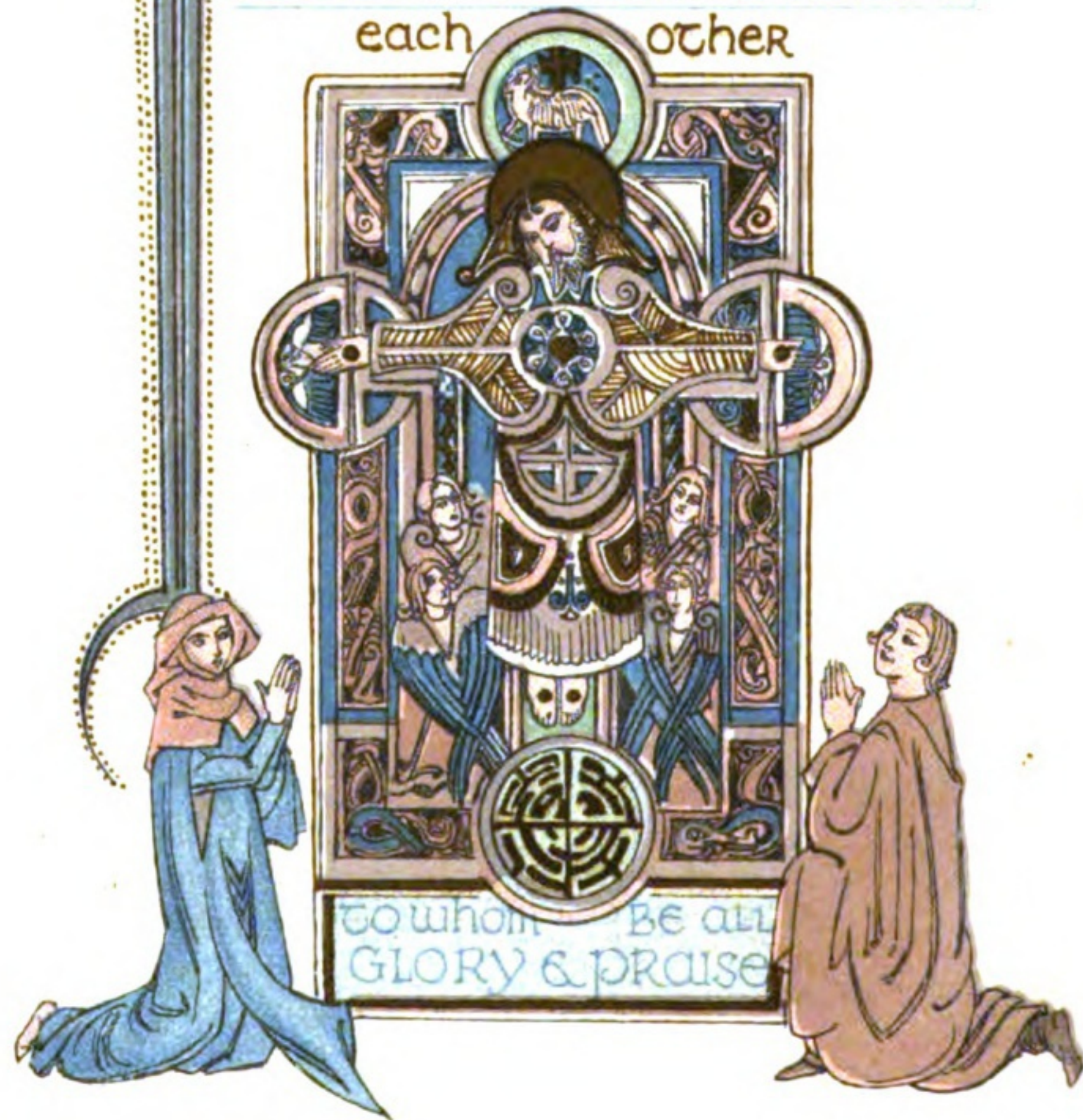




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**THIS IS OF
THE LOVE OF
AUCASSIN
AND NICOLETE**

It is the fairest story that was
ever told. It was made in French
language, but I have set it into
English because it is so sweet and
because it telleth of love.
For God loveth them that love
each other



Stocks
B. Wilson
Director
7-9-89
162686-013

THEREFORE LISTEN
VERY WELL, AND I
WILL TELL IT YOU

IT IS OF AUCASSIN & NICOLETE

YOU SING THIS

Who would list a
tale to know
Fashioned in a captive's
woe;
How two little children
met,
Aucassin and Nicolette;
How he suffered grievous
pain,
And did prowess all to gain
Nicolette of face so dear.
Sweet the song and soft
to hear,

Very courteous, fairly set;
Listen and your cares forget.
Never man of malady
Coun and tried so griev-
ously,
But he is made well and
hale,
And forgetteth all his pain
And is full of joy again
At this sweet tale,
Sweet tale.

YOU SING THIS TWICE



Eucassin & Nicolette

Now you speak this and tell the story

THE Count Bougars of Valence was making war against Count Garins of Biaucaire. Very great and marvellous war it was. For there was not a day but they were at the gates and the walls and the barriers of the town, with a hundred Knights each, and ten thousand common men-at-arms, both on foot and on horseback. And they burned and spoiled each other's land and killed each other's men—very marvelous.



Aucassin & Nicolette

Now the Count Garins of Biaucaire was old and feeble. For he had passed his due time long ago, and he had no heir, neither son nor daughter, save one. And that one was even as I will tell you. It was a boy heir, and his name was Aucassin. He was fair to look on, and fair in his ways; big and well-set in limbs and legs and body and arms. He had golden hair, all in little curls, and his eyes were grey and laughing, and his face clear and round, and his nose high and noble. And he was full of all good ways, and he had no evil ways in him at all, not one. But so it was that Love, who overcometh all, had taken hold of him; and no longer would he be Knight, nor take arms, nor go to the tournament, nor do anything that he ought. His father said to him:



COME now, son, pray you now take arms and mount thy horse and defend thy land, and give aid to thy men. For if they but see thee amongst them they will the better defend their bodies and all that they have, and thy land and mine.'

But Aucassin said:

'What sayest thou, father? God give me nothing that I pray for if ever I be Knight or mount horse, or go into the stress and the battle where Knights smite each other, unless thou givest to me Nicolette my sweet friend that I love so.'

Then his father said:

Aucassin & Nicolete

'That cannot be, son. Let Nicolete be. For she is a captive that was brought from a strange land, and the Viscount of this town bought her from the Saracens and took her hither and brought her up to womanhood and baptized her and made her his god-child, and he will give her to some bachelor that will gain bread for her, and that honourably. With that what hast thou to do? But if thou desirest to have a wife then will I give thee the daughter of a king or of a count. There is no man anywhere so great but if thou desirest his daughter, she may be thine.'

AUCASSIN said :
'Nay, father, but where are there any honours in the world that Nicolete my sweet friend were not worthy of them and might duly have



Eucassin & Nicolete

them. If she were Empress of Colstentinoble or of Almeyne, or Queen of France or of England, yet were it not worthy of her, for she is so noble and so curteous and debonair, and full of all good ways.



Aucassin & Nicolete

Here you sing once more

Aucassin of Biaucaire,
Castle stout that standeth there,
From his Nicole sweet and fair
Never aught might draw away;
No, not all his sire may say,
And his mother's words thereto.
'Fool,' quoth she, 'what dost thou do?
Nicolete is fair & ween,
Caught from Cartage hath she been,
Bought with gold from Saracene;
But if wedded thou would'st be
Take a noble wife to thee.'
'Mother mine, how should that be?



Nicolete is debonair,
Lithe her form and
face as fair,
Worthy of my love
and care—
Nicole love-light of
my heart,
So fair thou art !'

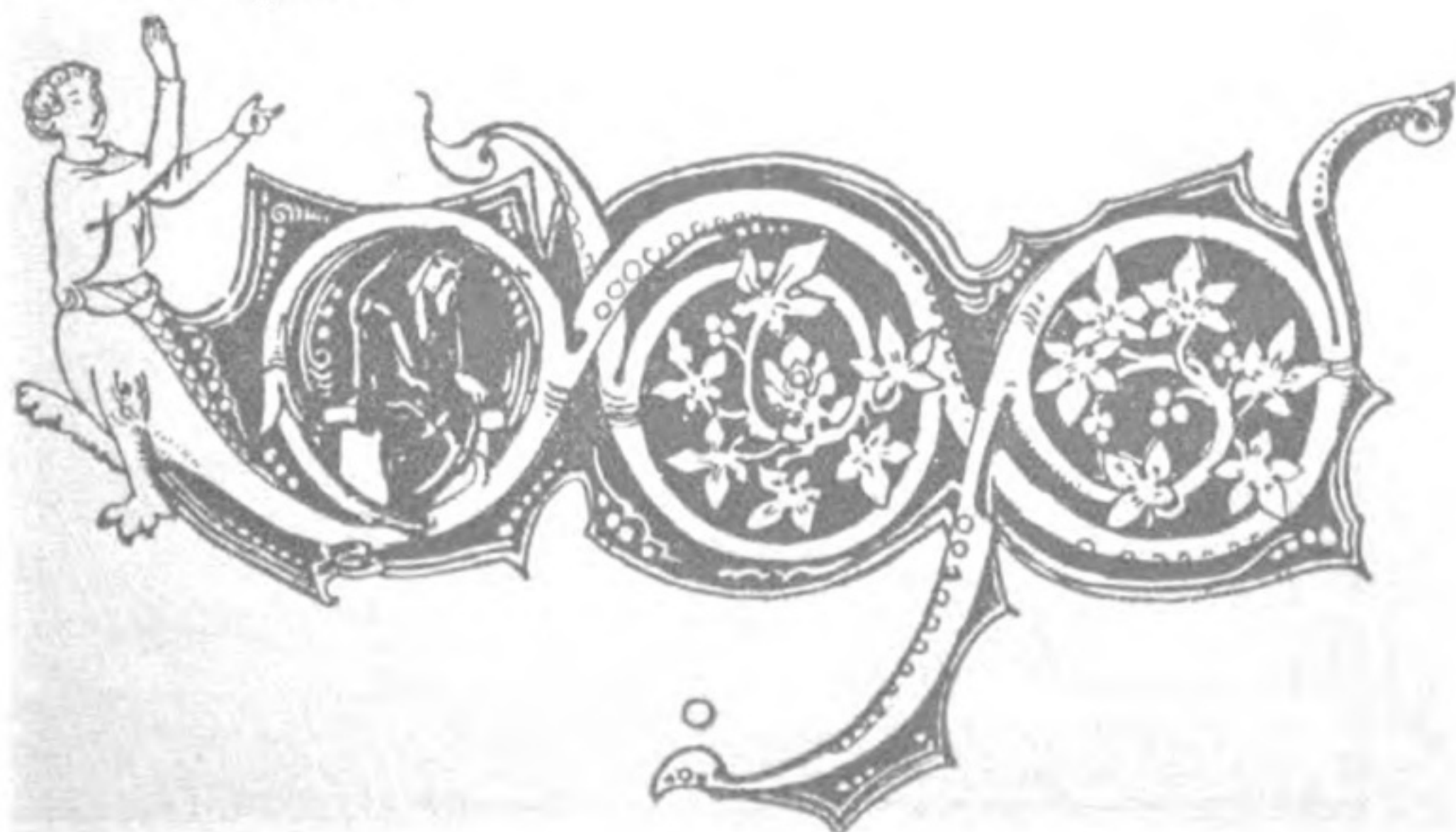
Aucassin & Nicolete

This is story

When the Count Garins of Biaucaire saw that he might not take his son Aucassin from Nicolete, he went to the Viscount of the town, who was his man, and said to him :

SIR VISCOUNT, do away now with Nicolete that god-daughter of thine. Cursed be the land from which she was brought. By her lose I Aucassin, for he will not be Knight nor do anything that he ought. And know well that if I but take her, I will put the fire to her, and thou also shalt have some danger.'

The Viscount said: 'Sire, even to me also is it grief that he goes and comes and makes speech with her. For I have bought her with my money, and I have brought her up and baptized her as my god-child, and one day would I have given her to a bachelor that would win bread for her and that honourably. With this what has Aucassin to do? But since it is thy will and pleasure I will send her to some country and some place where he will never meet her eyes.'

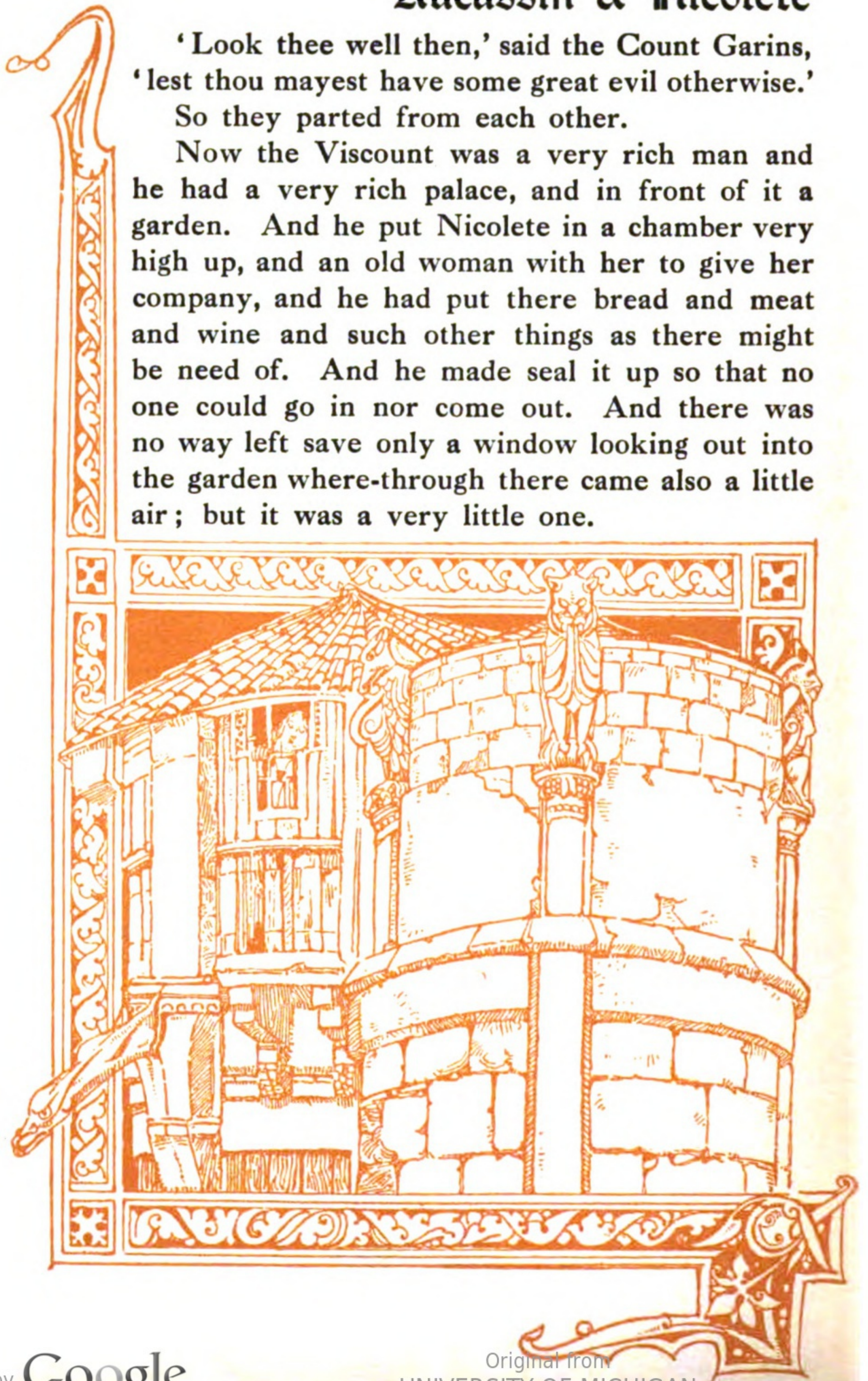


Eucassin & Nicolete

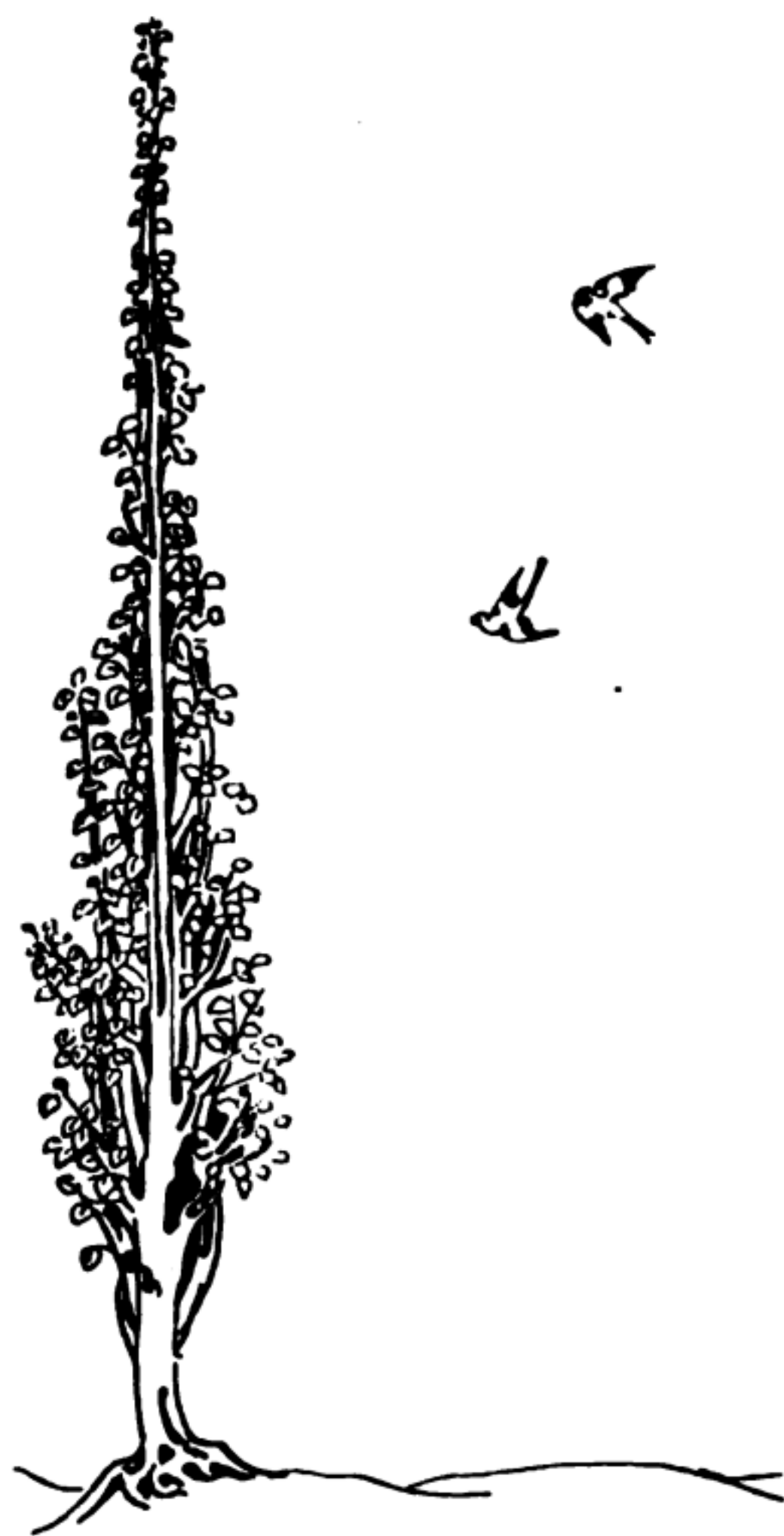
‘Look thee well then,’ said the Count Garins,
‘lest thou mayest have some great evil otherwise.’

So they parted from each other.

Now the Viscount was a very rich man and he had a very rich palace, and in front of it a garden. And he put Nicolete in a chamber very high up, and an old woman with her to give her company, and he had put there bread and meat and wine and such other things as there might be need of. And he made seal it up so that no one could go in nor come out. And there was no way left save only a window looking out into the garden where-through there came also a little air; but it was a very little one.







And this is sung slowly

DICOLE doth in prison

This is the accompaniment on the harp.

lie In a chamber vaul-ted high, Very

Featly made and well, Painted as by



miracle. At a window made of stone

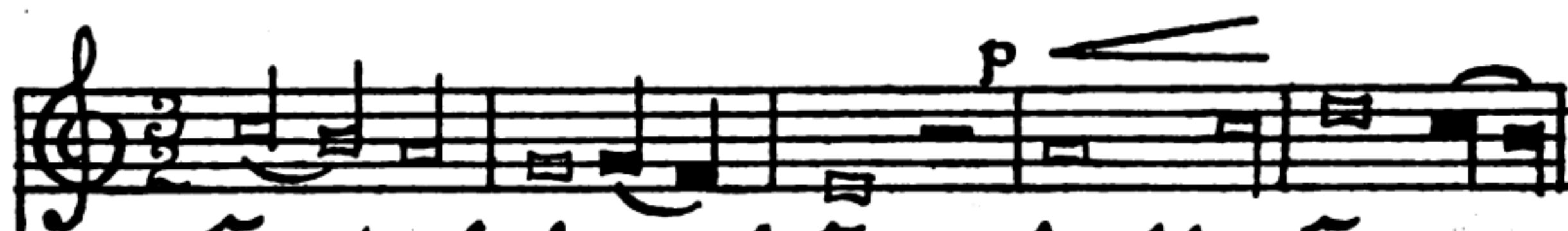


Leaneth little maid a-lone.



Brightest golden is her hair, And her

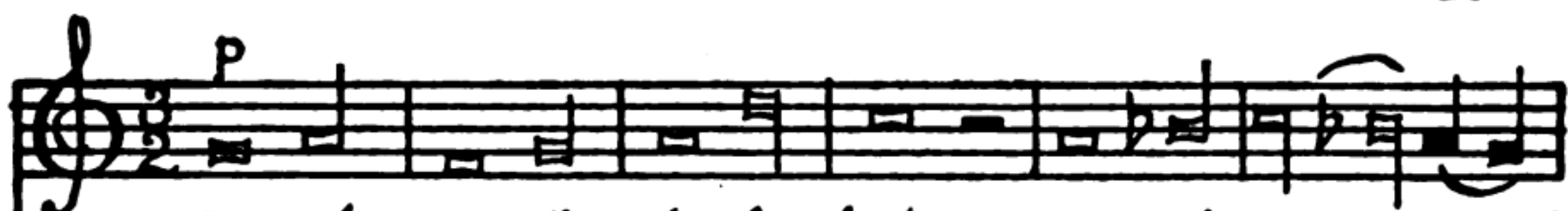




Fore-head white and fair, And her face so



clear and neat - Ne-ver hadst thou seen as sweet;



On the garden looks below How the great red



roses blow, Hears the bird-lings jol-ly cry,

Quoth she, "Orphan only I!

Oh unhappy captive maid All for



thee in prison laid! Aucassin my lover,



sire, Still am I thy heart's de-sire!



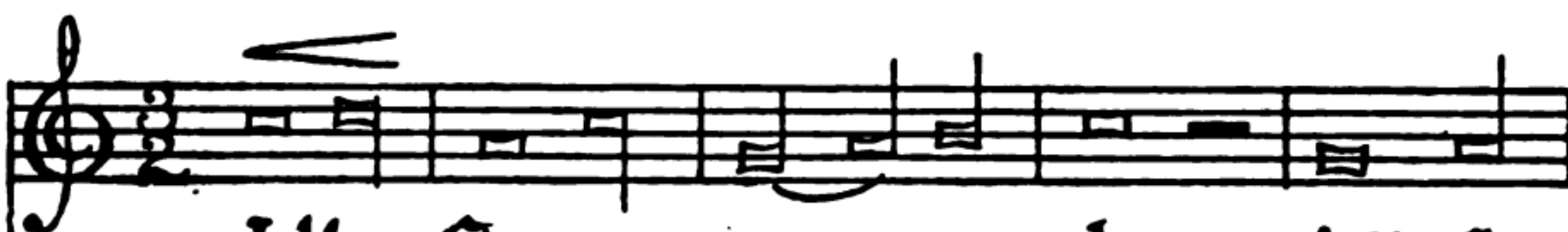
Though in pri-son be my lot, yet I



ween thou hat'st me not.



From a vaulted cell I gaze,



Idly fly my yes-ter-days. All for



thee a captive I; Jhesu child of

Maid Ma-rie Here no lon-ger will I

be, IF I may fly!"

Aucassin & Nicolette

This is story



NO Nicolette was in prison, as I ween ye have listened and heard. And the cry and the bruit of it went through all the country that Nicolette was lost. Some were saying that she had fled from the land, and some said that Count

Garins of Biaucaire had murdered her. Whosoever had joy in gossiping of it, Aucassin had none, for he went straight to the Viscount of the town and said thus:

‘Sir Viscount, what hast thou done with Nicolette my very sweet friend, the thing that in all the world I love most? Hast thou taken her and stolen her away from me? Know well that if I die thereof, vengeance will be asked of thee. And that is true, for thou hast killed me with thy two hands in that thou hast taken from me that which I love better than life.’

The Viscount said :

‘Gentle Sir, let this thing be. Nicolette is a captive that I led from a strange land and bought her with my own money from the Saracens. And I have brought her up and christened her, and made her my god-child and set her in my house. And one day I will give her unto some bachelor that will gain bread for her with honour. With this thou hast nought to do. Moreinover, what thinkest thou would be the gain if she went with thee to thy bed? Little gain wouldst thou get. For all the days of thy life would thy self





Aucassin & Nicolete

be dishonoured and afterward would thy body burn in hell. Into Paradise wouldst thou enter never.'

AND Aucassin said:
'What have I with Paradise? I seek not to enter there, unless to have Nicolete my sweet friend that I love so. For into Paradise go such folk as I shall tell you. Thither go the old priests and the old beggars, halt and lame, that day after day and night on night stoop before the altars and in the ancient dingy places; such as have old capes and worn, old tattered clothes, that are shoe-



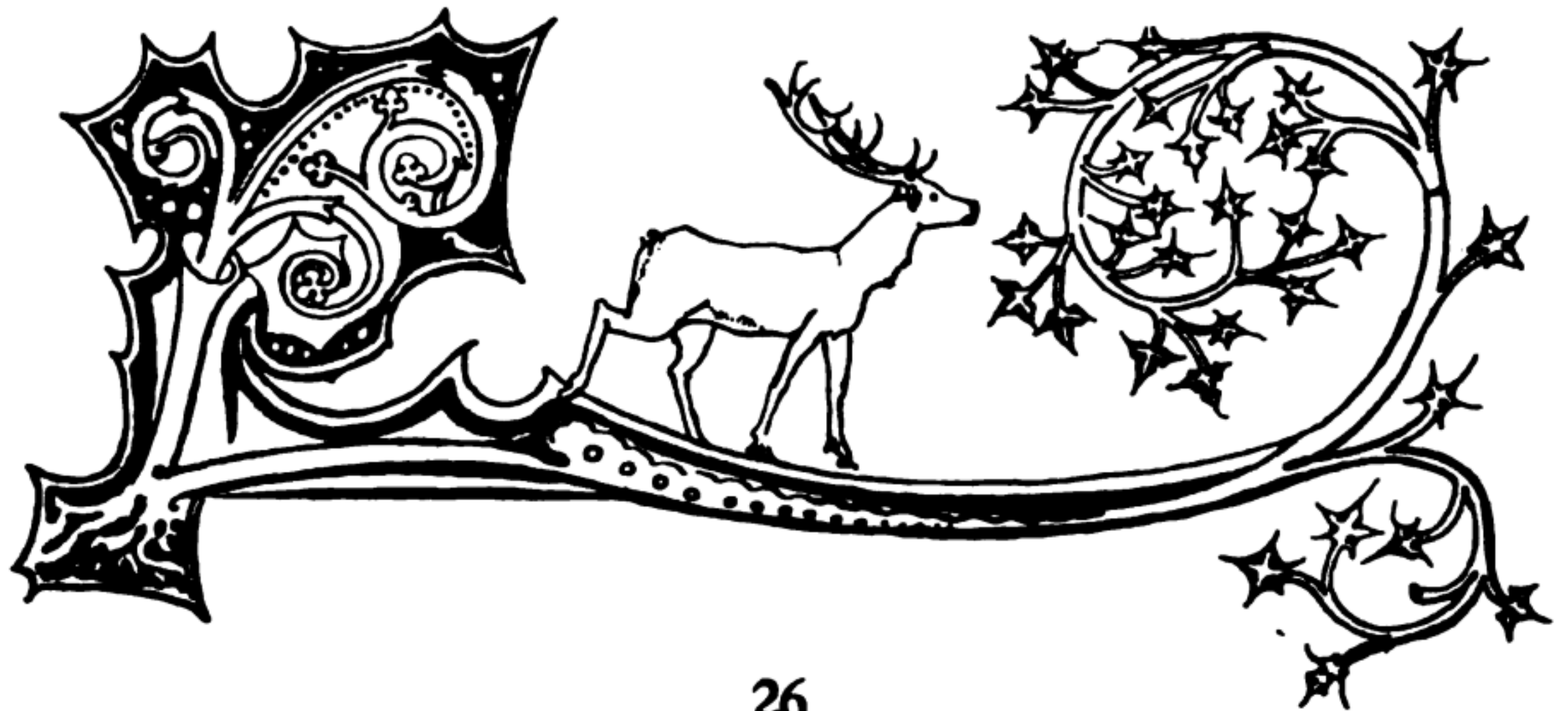
Aucassin & Nicolette

less and full of sores, and are dying of hunger and thirst and cold and disease. Such folk go into Paradise. But into hell would I go. For there goeth the fair clerk, and the fair Knight, such as die in tourneys and noble wars. There goeth the good man-at-arms and the man of freedom. Even with such would I go. And there goeth the fair dames curteous, that have two or three lovers and an husband. There goeth the gold and the silver, ermine and minever, harper and jongleur, and the Prince of this World and its ways. With such would I go. And yet that only if so I have Nicolette, my sweet friend, there with me.'

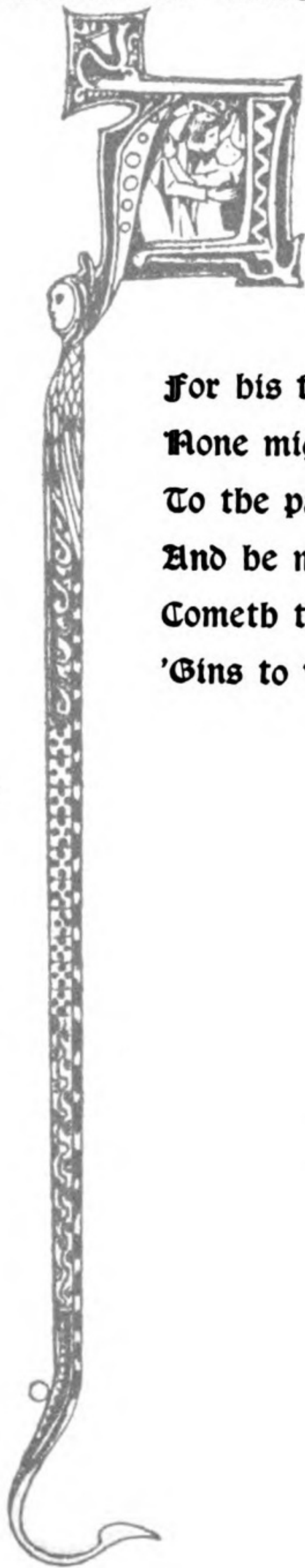
The Viscount said :

'Of a certainty for nought thou talkest. Never wilt thou see her. And if thou speak with her and thy father doth know it, then will he put both me and her to the fire, and thyself mayest know danger.'

'That grieves me,' quoth Aucassin. And he went from the Viscount very sad.



Lucassin & Nicolete



Lucassin is full of grief,
And with weeping sad
and drear ;

None might bring him
aught relief

For his friend of face so clear,
None might any counsel show.

To the palace doth he go,
And he mounteth up the stair,
Cometh to a room and there
'Gins to weep and to regret :



This is very sad singing



AIR thou art my Ni-co-lete

This is an accompaniment for the harp.



Fair in coming, fair in going, Fair in play and



Fair in wooing, Fair in sorrow, Fair in bliss,



mf

Fair to hold and fair to kiss. All be-

p

cause I love thee so. Do I

mf

suffer so much woe That I



Fain my life would end, Sister,

sweet friend, sweet friend."

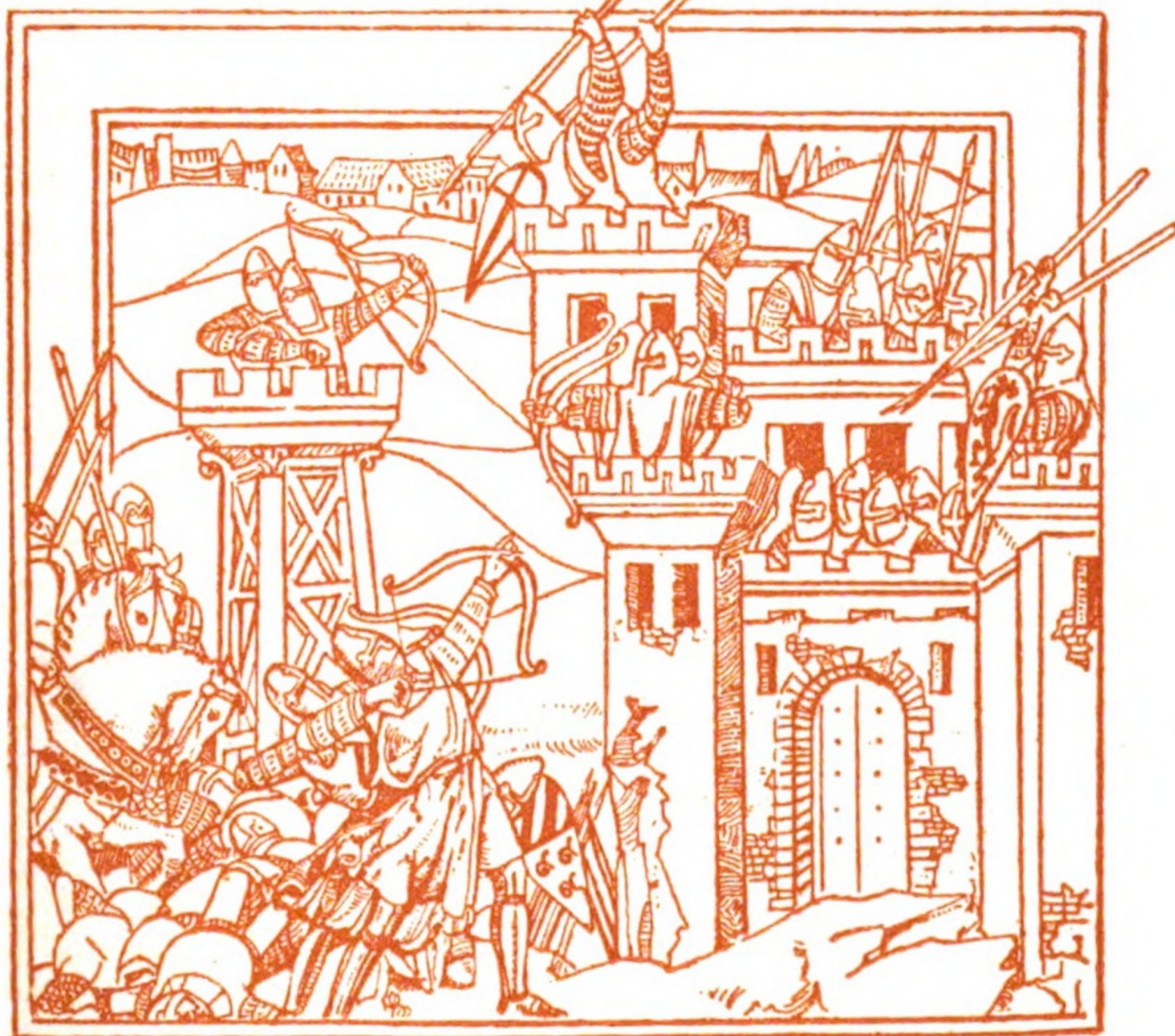
The musical score is written for a single melodic line and a piano accompaniment. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the melody. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



Aucassin & Nicolete

This is story

WHILE that Aucassin was in the chamber making sorrow for Nicolete his friend, the Count Bougars of Valence forgot not that he had his war to wage, but gave order to his men, those on foot and those on horse, and went to the castle to make assault. And the cry and the noise rose up, and Knights and men-at-arms made ready and ran to the gates and the walls to defend



Aucassin & Nicolete

the castle, and the townsmen went up to the battlements of the walls and cast down bolts and sharpened stakes.

When the battle was thus at its full and height the Count Garins de Biaucaire came to the room wherein Aucassin made sorrow and sadness for Nicolete his sweet friend, that he loved so well. And the Count said thus :

‘Ha,’ said he, ‘my son. Coward thou art and miserable that thou watchest men assault thy castle that is the strongest and best of any. If thou lose that, thou hast lost thy heritage. Go now, son, take arms, mount thy horse, defend thy land, aid thy men, and go into the stress. There is no need to strike other, nor to be struck. For if they but see thee



Eucassin & Nicolete

amongst them, then will they the better defend their bodies and their homes and thy land and mine. For thou art so great and so strong that thou mayest easily do this thing and it is but thy duty.'

Aucassin said :

'Father, what dost thou say? God never give me aught of my prayers, if I be Knight, or ever mount horse or go into the stress, or smite or be smitten, unless thou give Nicolete to me, my sweet friend that I love so.'

The father said :

'Son, that cannot be. Rather would I lose all my heritage, and give up all that I have than that thou shouldest have her and make her thy wife.'

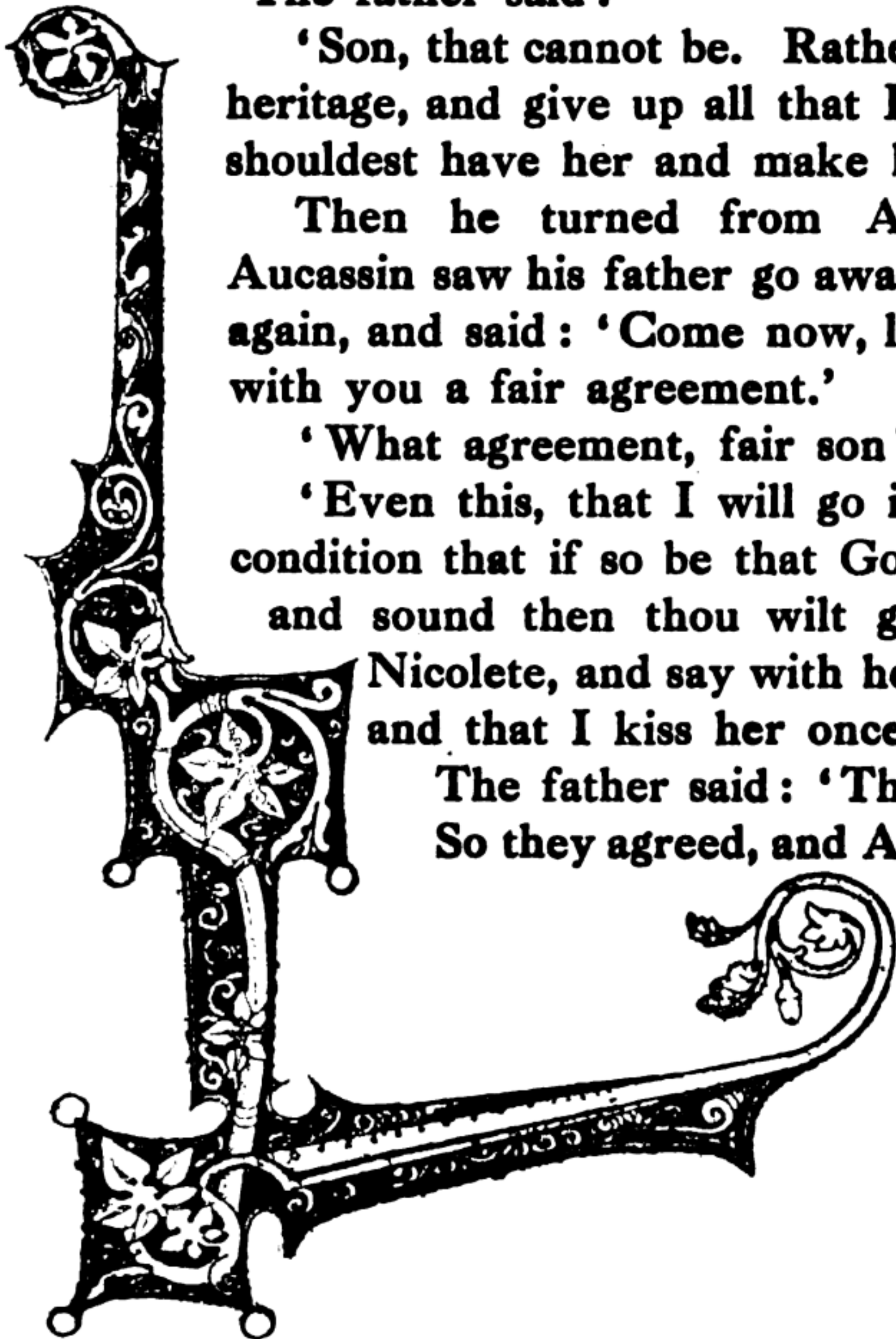
Then he turned from Aucassin. But when Aucassin saw his father go away, he called him back again, and said : 'Come now, look you, I will make with you a fair agreement.'

'What agreement, fair son?'

'Even this, that I will go into the stress on this condition that if so be that God bring me back safe and sound then thou wilt grant me only to see Nicolete, and say with her two words or three, and that I kiss her once.'

The father said : 'That is agreed.'

So they agreed, and Aucassin was very glad.



Eucassin & Nicolete

This is singing


Tucassin hears of the kiss
That to win he goeth
forth:

Million marks for so
much bliss

To a lover were no worth.
Goes he to the armoury,
Calletb for his panoply;
Twice-linked auberk doth he don,
Shining helmet laces on,
Binds a sword upon his side,
Golden-bilted, trusty, tried;
Mounteth on his horse to ride,
Taketb to him spear and lance,
At his stirrups casts a glance;
Looketh well into his feet;
Settles firmly in his seat;
Calls sweet memory to mind
Of the love he leaves behind;
Spurs his charger on his way,
From the court-yard gallop they,
Unto the fray.

Eucassin & Nicolete

This is story

 O Aucassin was armed and on his horse, even as I ween ye have listened and heard. Very God! How fair he sat with the shield at his shoulder and the helmet on his head, and the straps of his sword on the left side. For the lad was big and strong and fair, and gentle and well-set, and the horse whereon he sate was swift and mettlesome, and the boy addressed himself fettisly through the gate. Think you that he went to take oxen and cows and goats, and to strike and be stricken? Never a nint. For he thought not of that at all, but always of Nicolete his dear friend, so that he forgot his reins and all that he ought to do. And the horse which had felt the spurs took him through the midst of the press, and set him right in the middle of his enemies. And they laid hands to him from every side, and took away his shield and lance, and suddenly made him prisoner. And they made discussion together by what death they should make him to die. And when Aucassin heard it he said:

‘Ha,’ said he, ‘Nicolete sweet handiwork of God! Are these my mortal enemies that lead me, and that will cut off my head. But an’ if my head be cut off how shall I then speak to thee more, Nicolete my sweet friend that I love so? Yet have I a good sword, and sit on a horse unwearied. An’ I defend myself not against them, God never give her aid that I love so well.’

Eucassin & Nicolete



HE boy was big and strong, and the horse whereon he rode was full of mettle. And he put his hand to his sword and began to smite out, right, left, right, left, and cut helmets and nose-pieces, and fists and arms, and made massacre about him like a boar in the forest when dogs set upon him, until he had beaten down ten Knights and



Aucassin & Nicolette

wounded seven, and had thrown himself right out of the press, and came galloping, galloping, back thence with his sword in his hand.

HHE Count Bougars of Valence heard say that they were about to hang Aucassin his enemy, and he came thither. And Aucassin saw him and took his sword in his hand and put such a stroke upon his helmet that he beat it down upon the head, and the Count was stunned and fell to the ground.

And Aucassin stretched his hand and took him and led him by the nose-piece of his helmet and gave him to his father.

He said: 'Father, this is your enemy who hath



Eucassin & Nicolete

made so much war and damage upon you. Twenty years hath this war lasted and could not be finished by any man.'

The father said: 'Fair son, even so shouldest thou make young deeds and not young dreams.'

'Father, so also give my agreements, and not sermons.'

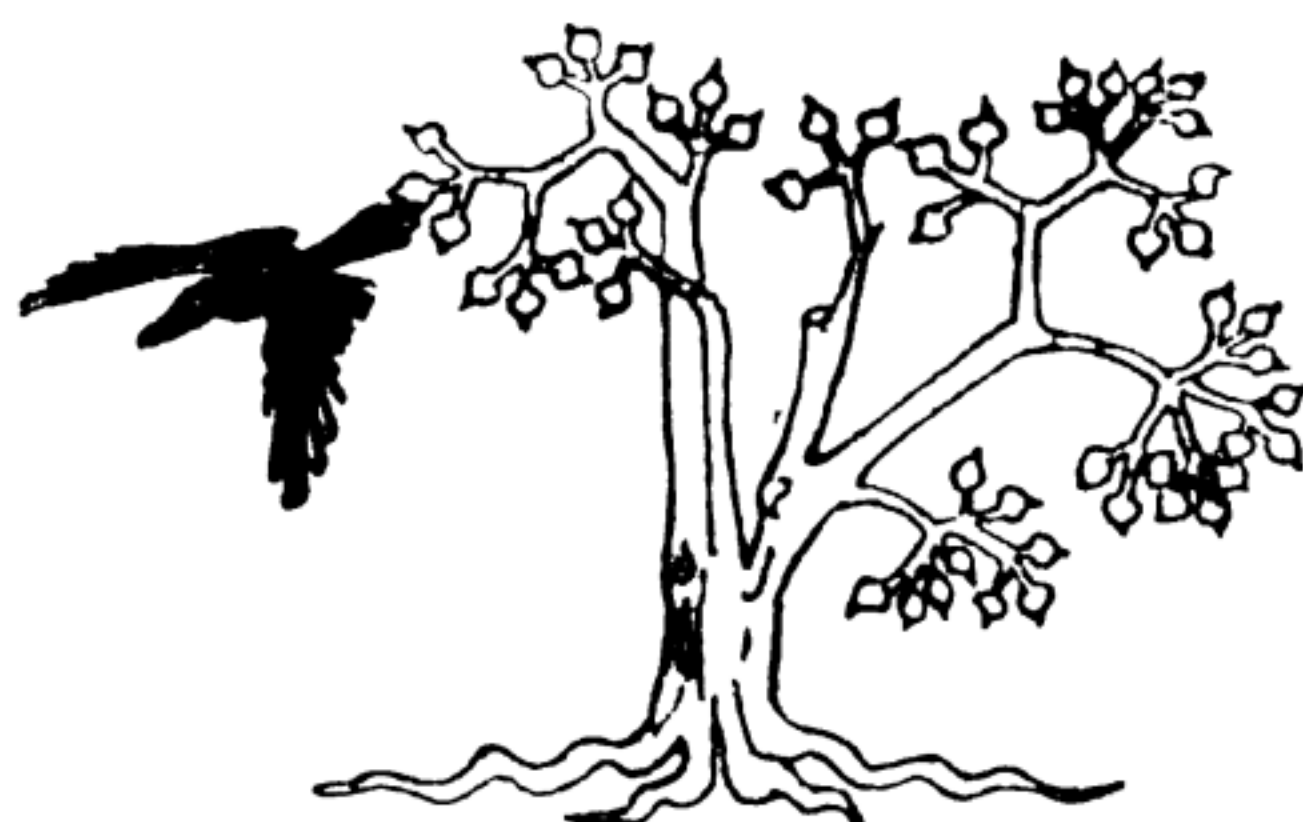
'Out! What agreements, fair son?'

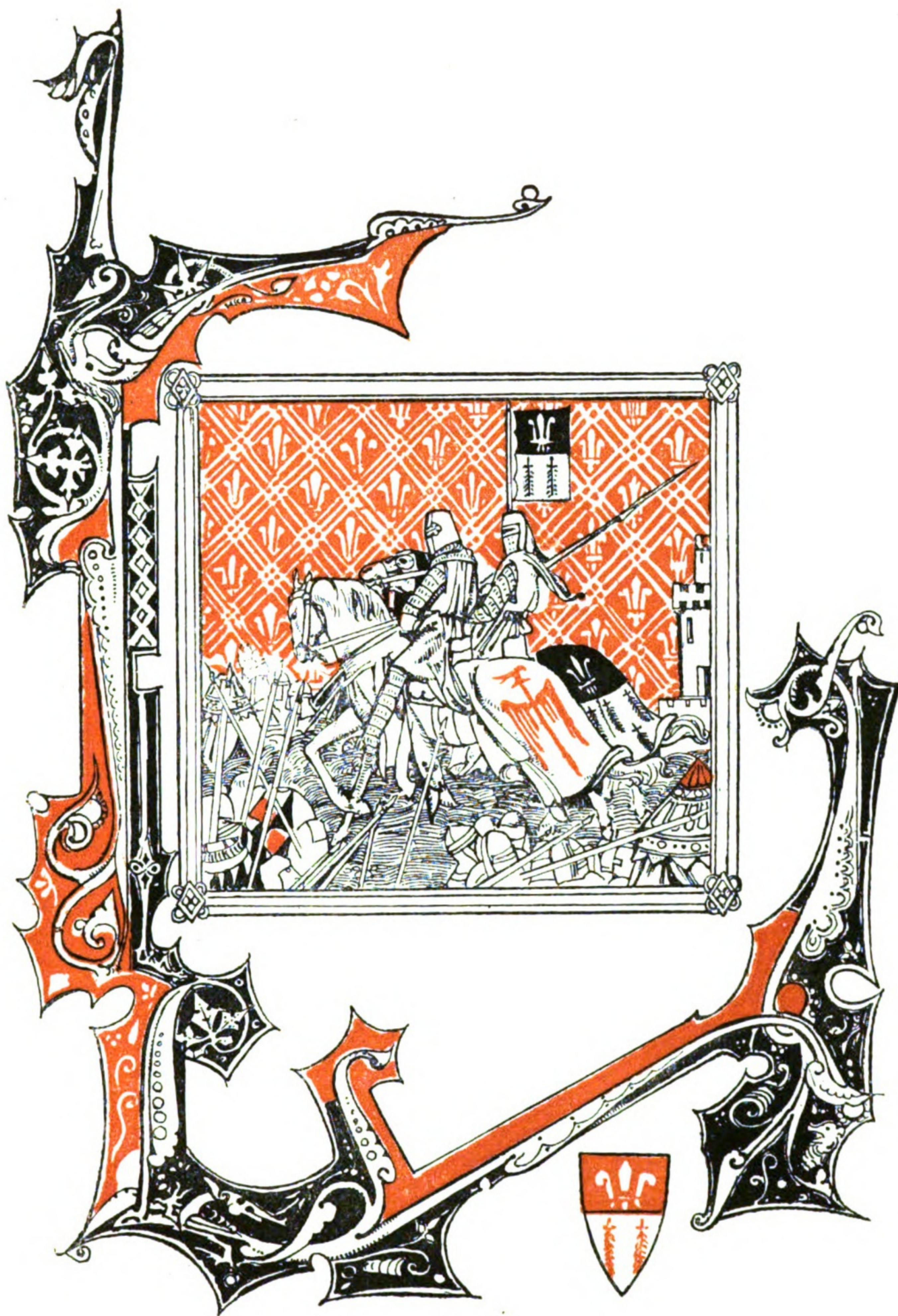
'How now father, hast thou forgotten them? By my head, who so may forget them, yet I will not, so close are they to my heart. Thou wast in covenant with me that if I took arms and went to the fray and if God brought me back whole and sound that thou wouldst give me so much as to see Nicolete my sweet friend, and to speak with her two words or three, and to kiss her once. Thus wast thou in covenant and I would have thee hold it.'

'I?' said the father, 'God never give me aid when I keep that covenant. Were she but with me now, I would put the fire to her, and thou also mightest have danger.'

'Is that thy last?'

The father said: 'As God aid me, it is.'





Aucassin & Nicolette

Aucassin said: 'Truly am I very sorry when a man of thy years goes to lying.' And he said, 'Count of Valence, I captured thee.'



SIRE, verily,' said the Count.

Aucassin said: 'Give me then thy hand.'

'Sire, that readily.'

He gave his hand.

Aucassin said: 'Pledge me now thus, that ever in all thy life on every day that thou canst do shame unto my father and evil to him and to his possessions, thou wilt always do it.'

'Sire, by God,' he said, 'jest not at me but put me to ransom. Ask but of me gold or silver, horses, palfreys, ermine and minever, hounds, hawks, and I will give them.'

'How now,' saith Aucassin, 'knowest thou not that I captured thee?'

'Sire, yes,' said Count Bougars.

Aucassin said: 'As God aid me, an' thou pledge me not, I will make thy head fly off.'

He said: 'In the name of God I promise whatever pleases thee.'

So he pledged it, and Aucassin bade him mount his horse, and he got up himself on another horse, and conducted him until he was in safety.



Aucassin & Nicolete

This is singing



Thus it was that Count
Garrin,
His own son, child
Aucassin,

From Nicolete bright of brow
Might in no wise sever now.

Therefore did he have him bound
In a dungeon underground,
All i-wrought in marble grey,
Even there Aucassin lay,
Weeping sore so full of woe
As did never mortal know.
Then complaining thus he fell,
Listen and I will you tell:
'Nicolete my fleurs de lis.
Fair of face, sweet friend to me,
Sweeter thou than raisin wine,
Set in wooden masserine.

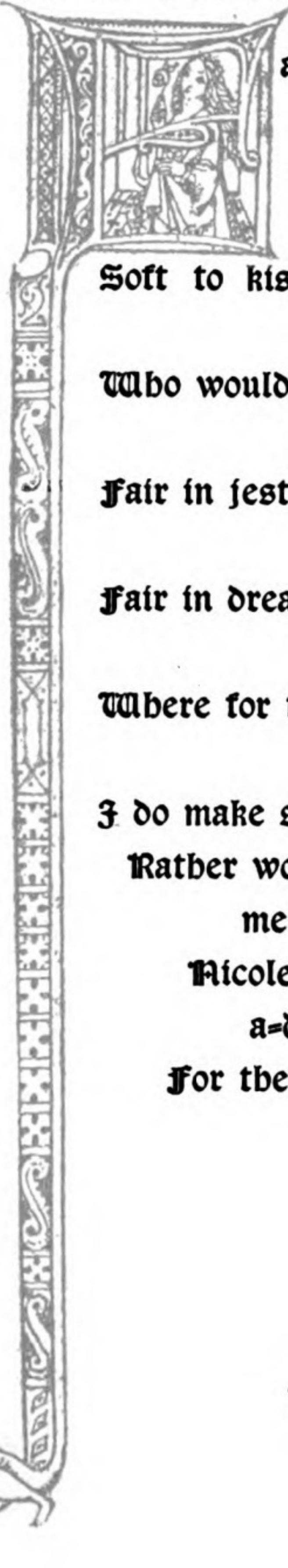


Aucassin & Nicolete

'Twas it not but yesterday
Came a pilgrim on his way?
Out of Limosin he baled
And with sickness was assailed.
For upon his bed lay he
Stricken with his malady.
Thou didst pass his bed aby
Lifted up thy train full high,
And thy ermine-bordered frock
And thy little linen smock,
That he saw thy limbs and so
Healed was he of his woe,
Healed as never he did know.
From his bed upriseth he
Goeth to his own country,
Sound and whole and all by thee,
Sweetest friend, my fleur de lis.



Lucassin & Nicolete



fair in coming, fair
in going,
Fair in laughter,
fair in wooing,
Soft to kiss and soft to
touch,
Who would ever hate thee
much?
Fair in jesting, fair in
sighing,
Fair in dreams in this
deep cell,
Where for thee a captive
lying
I do make so ill an end.
Rather would it please
me well,
Nicolete, to lie
a-dying
For thee, friend !'

Aucassin & Nicolette

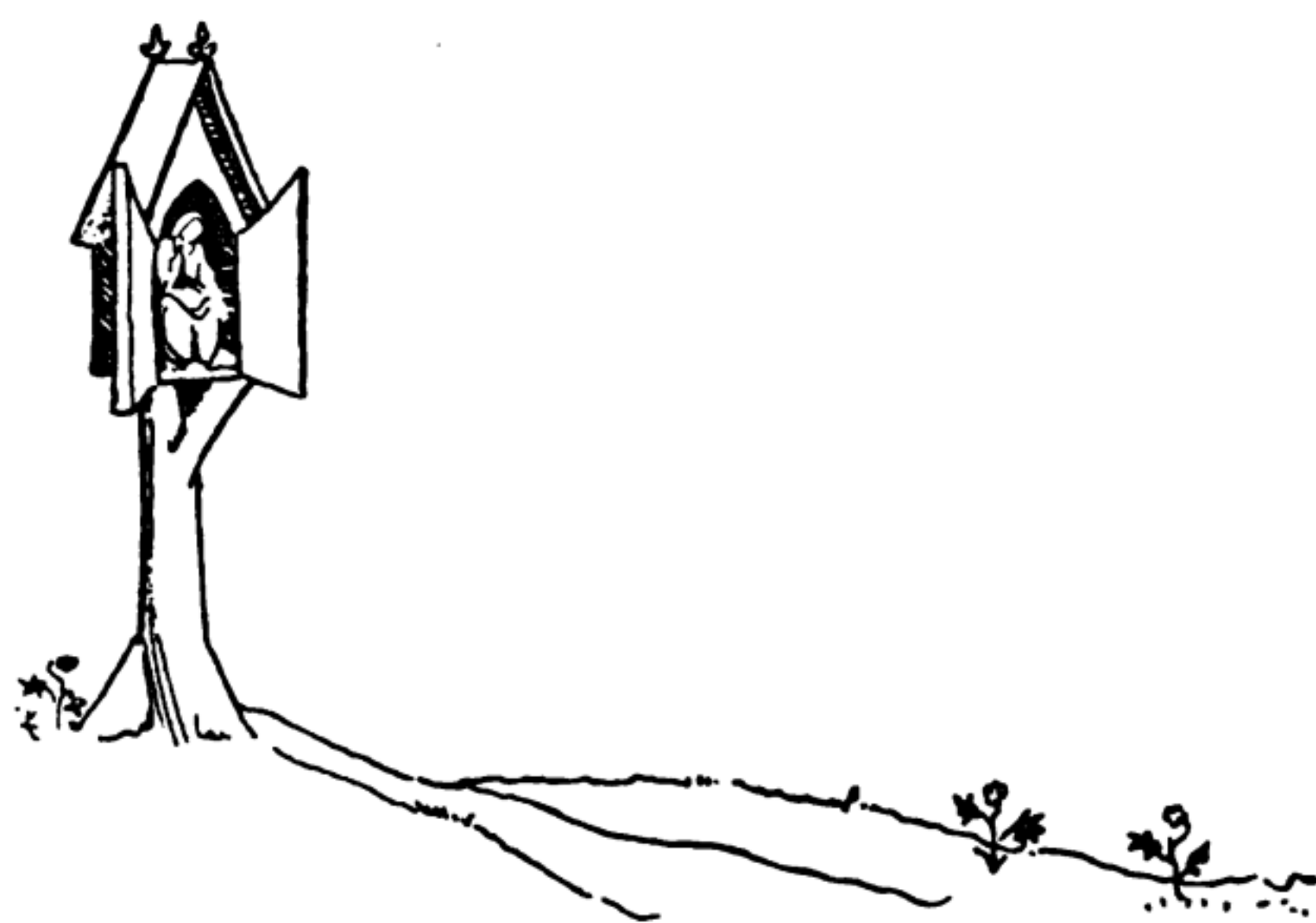
This is story and it is very beautiful .

SO Aucassin was laid in prison, as I ween ye have listened and heard. And Nicolette of her part was in the chamber. It was the summer time, even the month of May, when the days are hot and long and clear and the nights quiet and still. And Nicolette lay one night in her chamber upon her bed, and she looked up and saw the moon shine through the window how clear it was, and she heard the nightingale sing below in the garden, and she fell a-thinking of Aucassin whom she loved so well. Then she 'gan think of Count Garins of Biaucaire who hated her even to her little death, and she said, 'I will stay here no longer.' For she knew that if any accusation were said of her, and the Count Garins heard of it, then would he make her an evil death to die. She listened that the old dame that was with her slept. Then she took a bliaut (that is, some garment of women) of silken cloth, very fair, and put it on. And she took sheets from the bed and towels and knotted them together and made a cord as long as she could, and tied it unto the pillar of the window. Then she let herself down into the garden. And she took her silken cloth in one hand before and with one hand behind her and lifted it up and tucked it, because of the dew that she saw so big on the grass as she went through the garden.

Her hair was golden all in curls, and her eyes



G



Eucassin & Nicolette

were blue and laughing. Her face was trettis and oval; and her nose high and well set. And her lips were red, redder than cherries and roses in the summer time. And her teeth were little white ones. She had breasts even as firm little nuts that lifted up her vesture. And so frail was she at the waist that you could have taken her in your two hands. The daisies that she broke as she went a-tip-toes and that bent over her foot above, were very darkness beside her feet and her limbs, so fair and white was the maid.

She came to the postern gate and unbarred it, and went through the streets of Biaucaire stepping through the shadows, for that the moon was shining very clear, and so passed on and came to the tower where her friend was. The tower was cracked here and there, and she crouched under one of the pillars and drew her mantle close. Then she put her head through a hole in the tower, which was very ancient and old. And she heard Aucassin how he made weep and dole and sorrow all for his dear friend that he loved so well. And when she had listened enough she began to sing.



Eucassin & Nicolete



This is how Nicolete sang
Nicolete of face so clear,
On a pillar leaneth here,
Listeneth to Eucassin's woe
For the friend he loveth so.

Then at last she spoke and told
All her heart: 'Eucassin bold,
Noble squire and kind and true,
Gentle, free and honoured too,
Why dost 'ou make weep and wail
When thy tears can naught avail?
Joy of me thou ne'er shalt get,
For thy father bates me yet,
And thy kinsfolk all agree.
I will go across the sea
To another land, for thee.'

Then she cut a tress of hair,
In the dungeon cast it there.
Eucassin the gold did take,
Honoured it for her dear sake.
Clasped and kissed it without end,
Laid it near his heart to keep,
Then began once more to weep,
All for his friend.

Eucassin & Nicolete

This is story

When Aucassin heard Nicolete say that she would go to another country for his sake, then was he very grieved at it, and he said :

‘Sweet gentle friend, go not, for then wouldst thou have me dead. And the first that were to see thee and had strength enough, would take thee straightway to his bed to be his love-lass. And when thou hadst come to another and not me, doubt not that I would delay to find a knife wherewith I might strike to my heart and kill it. Nay, truth, I would not wait so long but so soon as I saw a wall I would throw myself from it; or a dark rock, and I would so fiercely beat my head that I would make my eyes start out and beat out my brains altogether. Rather would I die thus than know that thou hadst gone unto another that was not me.’

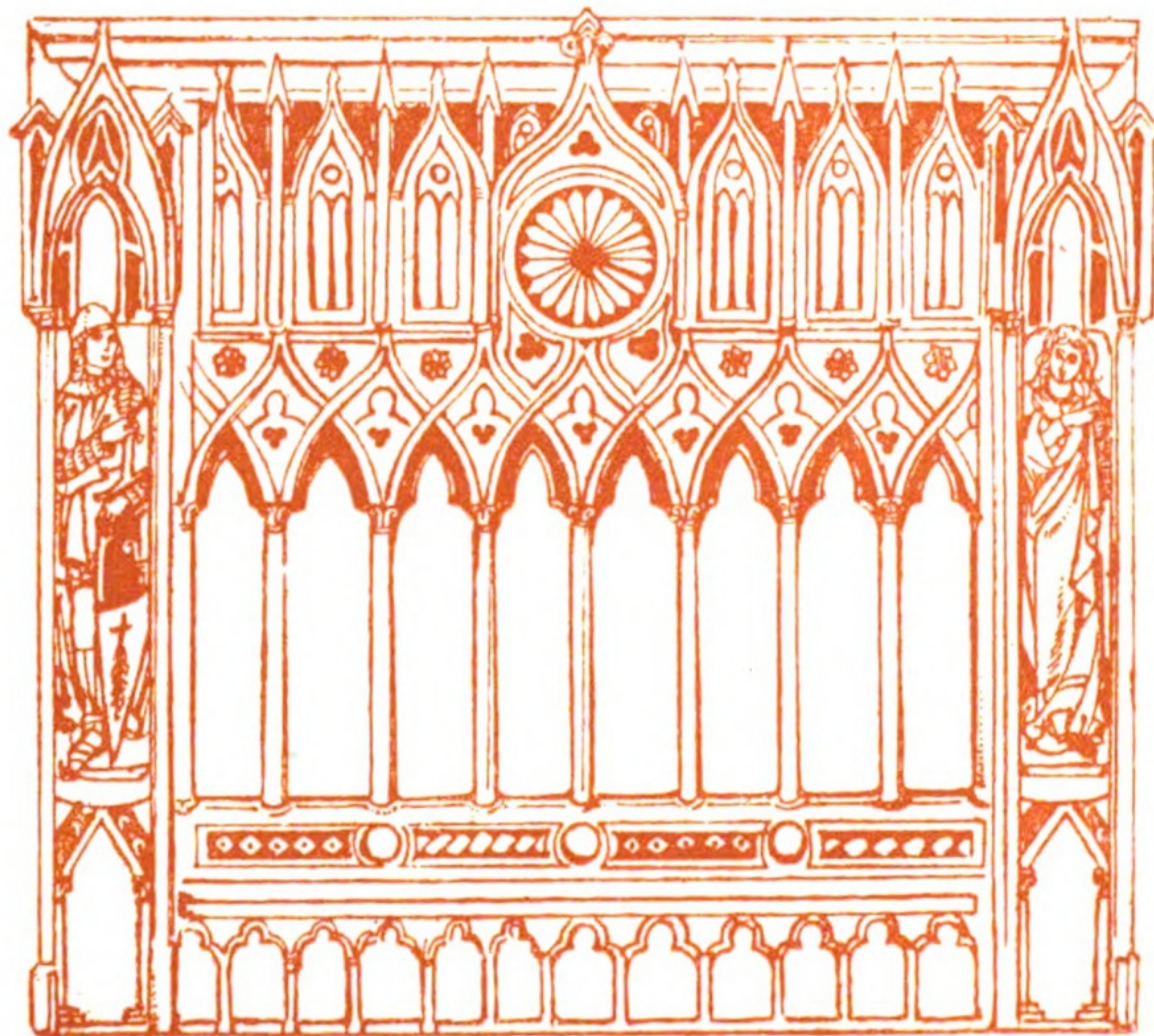
‘Ai,’ saith Nicolete, ‘I doubt not that thou lovest me even much as thou sayest, but I love thee more than thou dost me.’

‘Avoi,’ quoth Aucassin, ‘fair sweet friend, it cannot be that thou shouldst love me as much as I love thee, whereinas woman cannot love man so as man loveth woman. For a woman’s love is in her eyes, and in the bud of her breast and the curve of her little foot, but a man’s love is in his heart planted whence it cannot fly away.’

So Aucassin and Nicolete were talking there together, and the town watchmen came down the

Aucassin & Nicolete

street. And they held their swords drawn beneath their cloaks. For the Count Garins had given command to them that 'if thou canst take her, kill her.' And the watchman on the tower saw them come, and he heard that they spoke of Nicolete, and that they made menace to kill her. And the watchman said, 'By God, what great pity of so fair a maiden an' they kill her. Great charity would it be if I could but say one word without their perceiving so that she should take a care. For an' they kill her then will my master Aucassin die also. And that would be pity indeed.'



Aucassin & Nicolette

This is singing

Curteous was the sentinel,
Love's devices knowing well:
For a song he 'gan to sing
And thereby he gave warning.
'Maiden with the heart so fair,
Gentle lady debonair,
Of the shining golden hair,
Blue thine eyes, and laughing brow;
Clearly do I hear thee now
With thy lover making vow;
Who full fain would die for thee,
List—I tell thee—Hark to me!—
Guard thee from the soldiery,
That do seek thee through the night.
Naked swords are at their side;
If thou be of them espied,
They will murder thee outright,
Unless thou bide.'



Aucassin & Nicolete



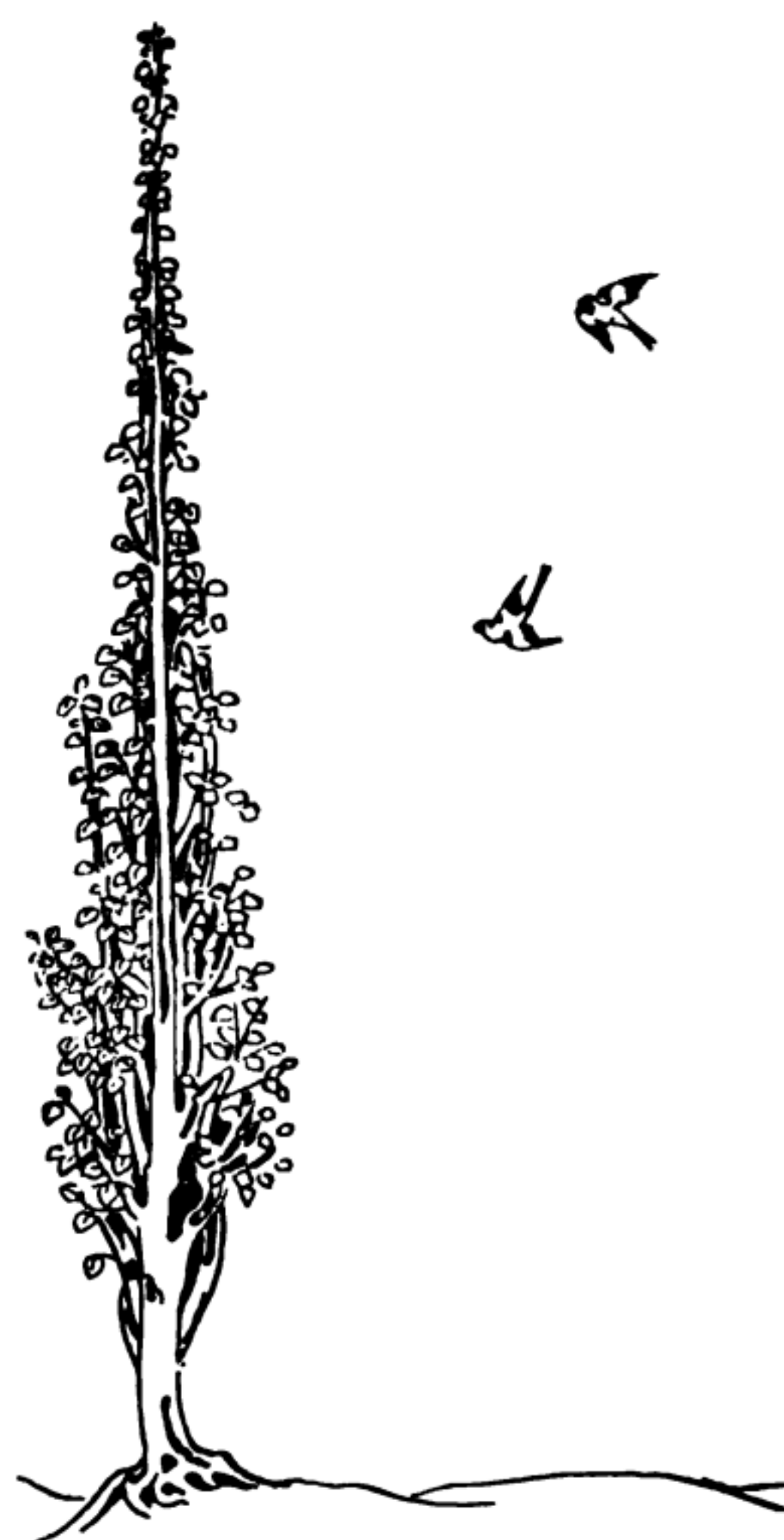
I,' saith Nicolete. 'May the soul of thy mother and of thy father sleep in blessed repose for this. So well and so curteously hath thou said. If God so please, well will I guard me, and may God guard me also.'

She wrapt her mantle about her and drew into the shadow of the pillar until they had passed by. And she took farewell of Aucassin, and then went on until she came to the wall of the castle. The walls were broken and had been mended with wood. And she climbed up until she stood between the wall and the ditch. And she looked across and saw the ditch so deep and the sides straight down, and she was very afeared. And she said :

'Ai! . . . God, Gentle Maker of man, if I let myself down my neck will be broken; and if I stay here, then will they take me to-morrow and put the fire to me. Rather would I die here, than that the common people should gape at me to-morrow, as at a Miracle play.'

She signed a cross on her brow, and then let herself slip down into the ditch. And when she came to the bottom her fair little hands and feet, that had never been taught to be wounded, were all bruised and torn, and the blood standing out in a hundred places; and yet never felt she grief nor hurt because her fear was so great. If she was at pains to go in there, even at greater pains was she to come out. And yet, thought she, of what purpose is it to remain





Eucassin & Nicolette

here? And she found a spear point that those within had cast to defend the castle, and she made step-holes, one above the other, and with great pains and striving mounted up until she came to the top.

And at two arbalast-shot distance from there was a forest. Twenty leagues it lasted this way and that. Therein were savage beasts and wild serpent-beasts. And she had fear to enter in it, for that the beasts would kill her. Then she thought again that 'if men find me here they will take me to the town and burn me.'



Eucassin & Nicolete



This is singing

**Nicolete of face so fair,
From the castle safely came;
Then began to make her prayer
Unto Little Jhesu's name:
'Jhesu, in Thy Majesty,
Hark a little while to me,
Where to turn I do not know;
What to do; nor where to go.
For a branched wood I see,
Wherein boar and lion be,
That are there in great plenty;
Surely will they murder me.
An' I wait till day is clear,
Wicked men will find me here:
Then the fire will sure be lit,
And I shall be burned in it.
Jhesu, in Thy Majesty,
Make the lions eat up me.
Rather would I have it so
Than within the city be—
I will not go!'**

Eucassin & Nicolete

This is story

Nicolete made great sorrow, as ye have heard. And she commended herself unto God and went on until she came into the forest. But she dared not go in deep into it because of the savage beasts and the serpent-beasts. So she hid in a thick bush. And sleep took her. And she slept until morning was at high prime.

AND shepherds came from the town and drove their cattle in between the wood and the river, and then came together to one place, to a very fair fountain that was on the edge of the forest. And they spread out a mantle and set their bread on it. And they began to eat.

Nicolete woke up at the singing of the birds and the voices of the shepherds. And she went to them and said :

‘Fair boys, God keep you.’

One of them that was better speaker than the rest said : ‘God bless thee also.’

She said : ‘Fair boy, dost thou know Aucassin, son of Count Garins of Biaucaire ?’

He said : ‘Aye—we know him well.’



Eucassin & Nicolette

She said : 'So God help thee, fair boy, tell him that there is a beast in this forest and that he come chase it. And that if he should take it, he would not give one of its limbs for a hundred marks of gold, nor for five hundred, nor for any wealth at all.'

They looked at her ; and they saw how beautiful she was, and they were all amazed at it.

And the one of them that was a better speaker than the rest said : 'Wouldst 'ou I tell him? Sorry be he who speaks it and tells him, for it is a dream thou talkest of. For there is no such dear beast in this forest for one of whose limbs two deniers would be given, or three at highest, and thou talkest of so much wealth. Sorry be he who believes thee, and sorry he who speaks it. I ween thou art a fairy. We have no liking for thy company : hold thou on, on thy way.'

She said : 'Fair boy, yet do so. For there is such medicine in the beast that Aucassin will be healed of his disease. And I have six sous in my purse ; take those and tell him. And he should hunt it within three days. And if within three days he find it not, never, never will he see it, and never will he be healed of his disease.'

He said : 'Truly we will take the deniers. And if so be that he come this way, we will tell him. But we will not go seek him.'

She said : 'For the sake of Jhesu.'

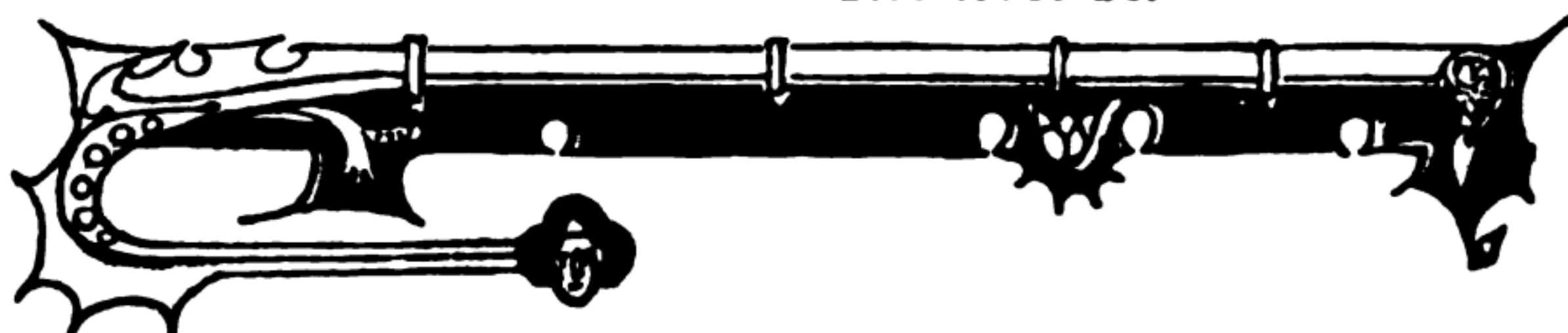
She took leave of the shepherds and went on, on her way.



Eucassin & Nicolette

This is singing about the Green Lodge

Nicoletë white of brow,
From the shepherds parted now,
Through the forest took her ways
On a road of ancient days;
Came unto a place where she
Seven forked roads did see
Stretching out for many a mile,
Nicolete 'gan think awhile:
' Thus will I my lover prove,
An' his words be as his love.'
Then she took his fleurs de lis,
Leaflets from the ilex tree,
And a little lodge made she,
Such as never man did spy;
Swore by God who knows no lie:
' If that Eucassin pass by
As he goes along his way,
Here a moment will he stay,
Or no love-lass can I be,
Nor lover be.'





Aucassin & Nicolete

This is story

So Nicolete made the green lodge as I ween ye have listened and heard, very fair and very dainty. For she wove it within and without with flowers and leaves. Then she laid herself down by the lodge in a thick bush to see what Aucassin would do.

The cry and the noise went throughout the whole country that Nicolete was lost. Some said: 'She has fled away.' And some said: 'The Count Garins has made murder her.' Whosoever had pleasure in gossiping of it, Aucassin had none at all. But the Count Garins that was his father loosed him out of prison, and sent for the Knights of the land, and the ladies, and made a very great feast, for he thought he might comfort Aucassin his son thereby. And when the feast was in its height, Aucassin was leaning on the gallery of the hall, being very mournful and sad. Who so had pleasure of the feast, Aucassin had no



Aucassin & Nicolette

desire of it at all, for that he saw not her whom he loved.

AND one of the Knights at the feast saw him and came to him and said: 'Even of such sorrow as thou sufferest, of such also have I had my part. And I will give thee good counsel if thou wilt hear it.'

Aucassin said: 'Sir, grand merci. Good counsel would I fain have.'

Then the Knight said: 'Mount thy horse and go take sport in yonder wood; there wilt thou see the flowers and the grass, and hear the birds sing. And may hap also thou wilt hear somewhat of that thy heart desires.'

Aucassin said: 'Sir, grand merci, that will I do.'

So he came out of the hall, and went down the stairs and to the stable where his horse was, and set the saddle on him, and the bridle, and put his foot in the stirrup, and mounted and went out of the castle and rode so until he came to the forest; and then on till he came to the fountain and found the shepherds there sitting. And it was the time of none. They had a cape spread upon the ground, and were eating their bread, making very great joy.

So he came to the place.



Aucassin & Nicolette

This is singing



Al the shepherds were
therein,

Aubrey, Esmeric, Martin,
Joban, Robin, Fruelin.

One doth say, 'Good fellows met,
Jhesu help Aucassinet ;

On my word a fair varlet.

And the maid in rich kurset,

Maiden of the golden hair,

Eyes of blue, and face so fair.

Deniers in our hands she set,

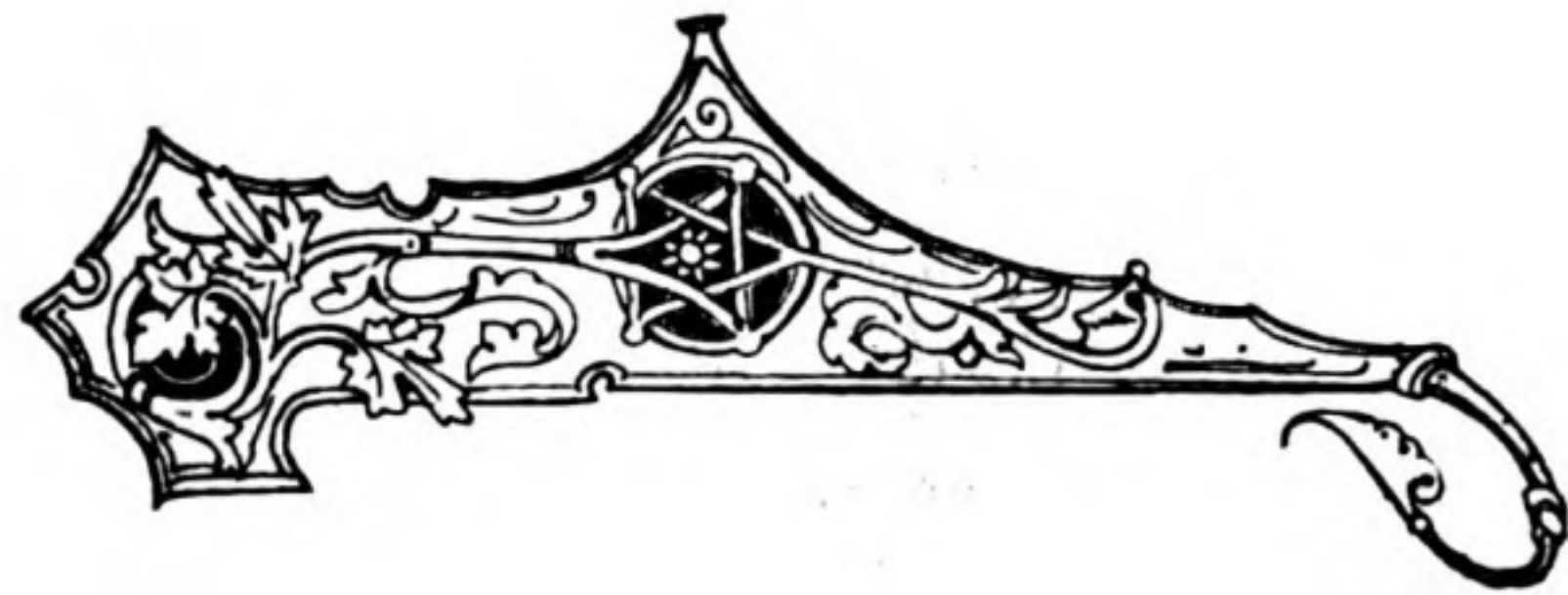
Wherewith cakelets did we get.

And we bought us each a flute,

Cudgels, horns, and pipes to boot,

Knives and sheaths from those that sell ;

God guard her well.'







Aucassin & Nicolette

This is story

So Aucassin heard the shepherds, and he remembered Nicolette his sweet friend that he loved so well, and he thought, 'Surely she hath been here.' And he set spurs to his horse and came to the shepherds.

'Fair boys, God aid you.'

One of them that was better speaker than the rest said: 'God bless thee also.'

He said: 'Fair boy, sing me again the song that was with thee but now.'

He that was better speaker than the rest said: 'We will not sing it. Sorry he be that sings it again for thee, fair Sire.'

Aucassin said: 'Fair boys, do ye know me then?'

'Aye, we know that thou art Aucassin our master, but we are not of thy party. We are of the Count.'

'Fair boy, do it I pray thee.'

He said: 'By the blessed heart, wherefore should I sing for thee if it likes me not. For there is not one in all this land (saving only Count Garins himself) so great that if he found my oxen or my cows or my sheep in his land he would dare drive them out lest he lose his eyes for it. Wherefore then should I sing for thee an' it likes me not?'

'As God aid thee, fair boy, do so. And, look you, ten sous have I here in my purse.'

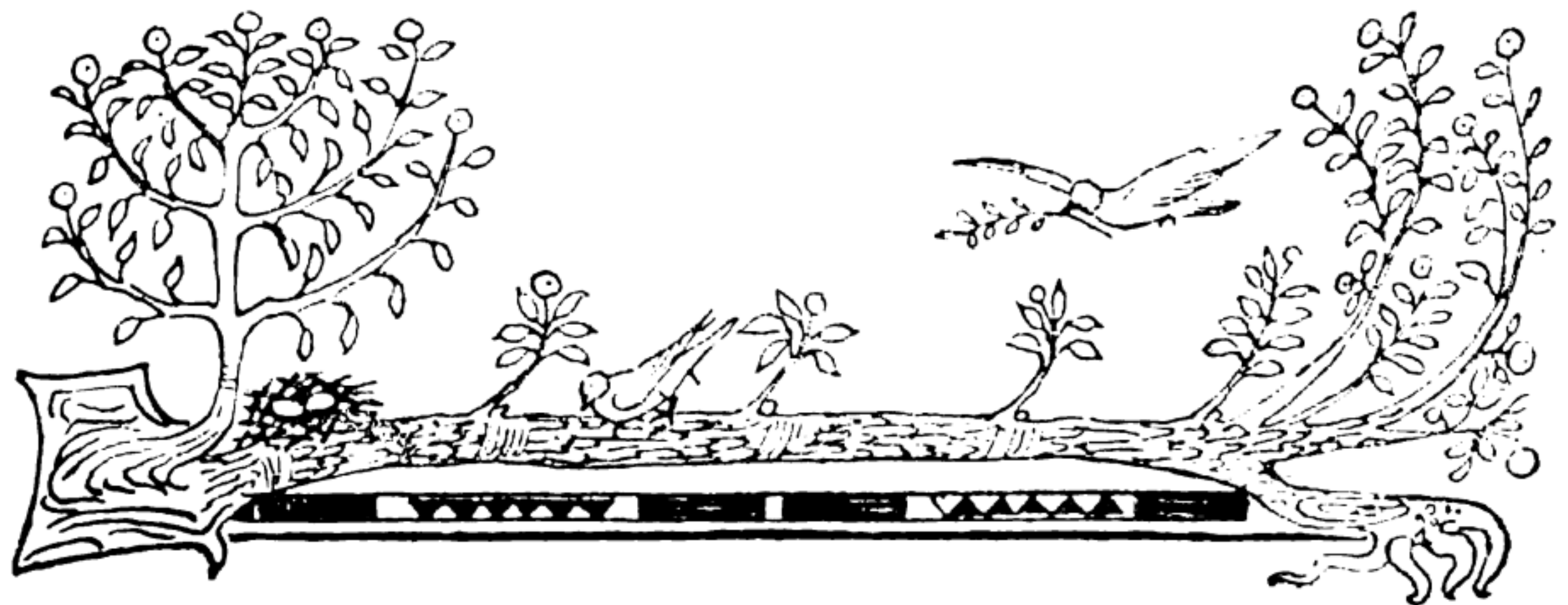
'Sire, the money will we take, but I will not sing for thee, for I have sworn it. But something I will tell thee, an' thou wilt.'

Eucassin & Nicolette

‘By God,’ saith Aucassin, ‘nothing would I love better.’

‘Sire, we were here between prime and tierce time, and we were eating our bread near by this fountain even as we do now, and a maiden came hither the most beautiful of all the world, and we thought that she was a fairy, for she lighted up this wood of ours. And she gave us all that she had so that we might promise that we would tell thee, an’ thou camest hither, to go hunt in that forest; and that there was a beast there which, if thou couldst take it, thou wouldst not give one of its limbs for five hundred marks of silver, nor for any wealth at all. For that beast hath such medicine that if thou canst take it, it will heal thee of thy disease. And that within three days thou shouldest take it, and if thou hast not taken it by then, thou wilt never see it. Therefore chase this beast, an’ thou wilt, or an’ thou wilt, leave it; for I am now quit of my promise.’

‘Fair boy,’ said Aucassin, ‘enough hast ’ou said, and may God grant me to find it.’

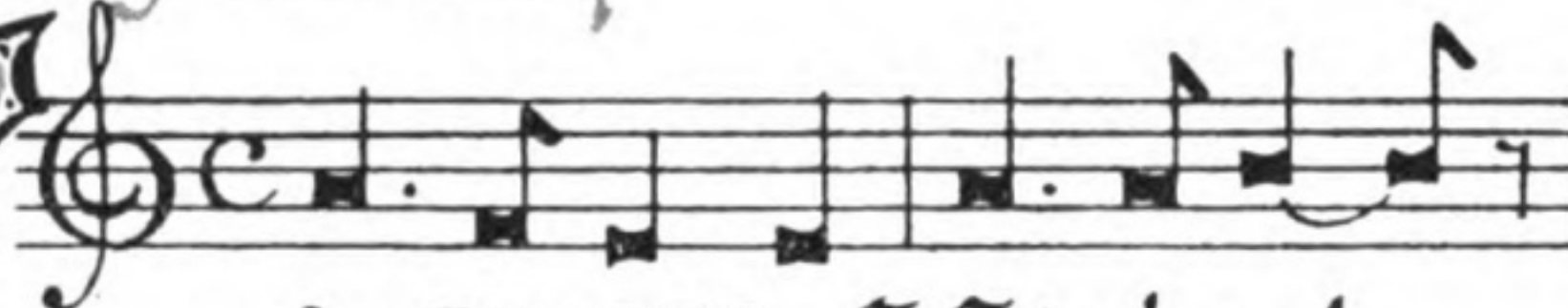




This is singing

Chus Aucassin beareth
tell,
Words of her be
loveth so,
Laid them in his heart to
know,
To the shepherds bade fare-
well.
Then his horse made gallop
quick,
Entered in the forest thick.
Thus he goes along his way,
And these words of love doth
say :

This is sung cheerfully



I- COLLEGE of fair bo- dy

This is an accompaniment for the harp.



To the wood I come for thee ; Boar nor



stag I would not spy , But where Love hath



pas-sed by. Eyes of blue and

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a half note. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand. A dynamic marking 'p' (piano) is placed below the piano accompaniment.

bo-dy neat, Gen-tle words and laughter sweet,

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand. A dynamic marking 'mf' (mezzo-forte) is placed above the vocal line.

These thine ar-rows woun-ded me,

The third system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand. A dynamic marking 'mf' (mezzo-forte) is placed above the vocal line.

mf

Yet I come a-gain to thee; So may

God in mer-cy send,

Sis-ter, sweet Friend.

Aucassin & Nicolete

This is story

SO Aucassin rode through the forest, path after path, and the horse went always at great gallop. Think not that the thorns and the brambles spared him. Never a nint.

For they tore his clothes a-pieces, so that scarcely could you have tied a knot between two strips anywhere; and they went into his arms and his body and his legs in forty or thirty places so that behind him you might have told his way in blood that had fallen on the grass. But he thought always so much of Nicolete, his sweet friend, that he felt neither pain nor any ill at all, but went all day through the forest in this wise, and yet heard no news of her. And when he saw that evening was coming on, he began to weep because that he could not find her.

And as he rode along an old grassy road he saw in front of him in the midst of the way a man such as I shall tell you. He was big, and marvellously ugly and hideous. He had a great head, black like a mass of charcoal, and he had a full palm-width between his eyes, and he had great cheeks, and a monstrous flat nose and big ugly nostrils, and thick lips redder than hot coals, and great yellow ugly teeth. And he was dressed in hose with shoes of cow-leather laced up with bast above the knee, and he was wrapped round with a cloak, twice. And he was leaning on a great club.

Aucassin & Nicolette

So Aucassin saw him, and went to him in great fear.

‘Fair brother, God aid thee.’

The man spake, ‘God bless thee,’ he said.

AUCASSIN said: ‘God aid thee, what dost ’ou here?’

‘What is that to thee?’

‘Ha—nought,’ said Aucassin; ‘I ask only to please thee.’

The man said: ‘Why dost thou weep and make such sorrow. Were I rich as thou art, all the world could not make me weep.’

‘Ha—dost thou know me?’

‘Aye. Thou art Aucassin, son of the Count. I know thee. An’ thou tell me wherefore thou dost weep, I will tell thee what I do here.’

Aucassin said, ‘Of a truth, I will tell thee readily. Hither came I this morning to hunt in this forest, and I had a white hound, the fairest that ever was, and I have lost it; there for I weep.’

‘Out on it,’ said he, ‘By the heart of the Lord’s body, and thou weepest for a stinking dog! a curse on him that ever thinketh well of thee! For there is not



Eucassin & Nicolete

a rich man in this land that if thy father asked ten or fifteen or twenty of him, he would send them very willingly and be glad of it. Whereas I have cause to weep and make woe.'

WHEREOF is then thy weeping, brother?'

'Sire, I will tell it thee. I was servant of a rich man, and I drove his plough and there were four cattle. And three days since, there came a great mishap to me for I lost the best of my cattle, Roget, the chief of the team. And now I seek him. Three days past have I neither eaten nor drunk anything, and I dare not go to the town for they would put me in prison because I have nought wherewith to pay the loss. Of all the wealth that is in this world of ours, have I no part save what thou seest on my body. For a poor mother bare me, and she had nought of worth save her bed, and they have taken that from under her body and she lies on the straw. That is it which weighs with me more than my own case. For money comes and money goes. An' I have, an' I lose, another time I will win and pay for my ox, when so I may. For that I weep not. But thou weepest for a stinking gutter dog. Curse on him that ever thinketh well of thee.'

'Truly thou comfortest me well, fair brother. A blessing to thee. And of what value was thine ox?'

'Sire, they ask of me twenty sous. I cannot make lessen it half a denier.'

Aucassin said: 'Hold then, take these twenty sous



Aucassin & Nicolete

that I have here in my purse, and pay for thine ox.'

'He said, 'Sire, grand merci to thee, and God bring thee to that which thou seekest.'

So the man went from him. Aucassin rode on. The night was beautiful and quiet. And he went on until he came where seven roads forked this way and that. And he saw before him the lodge that Nicolete had made, even as ye know. Within and without and above and below it was woven with flowers, and it was very fair, as ever could be. And when Aucassin saw it, of a sudden he stopped.

And a moonbeam went into the lodge, and Aucassin said: 'By God, now know I that it was Nicolete made this with her own white hands. For the fairness of it, and for love of her will I get down and stay there all this night.'

So he drew his foot from the stirrup to come down. But the horse was great and high, and he thought so much of Nicolete his dear friend, that he fell upon a stone so hard that his shoulder came out of its socket. And he knew he was very wounded, but he made force as best he could and tied up his steed to a thorn bush. And turned on his side and crawled in under the lodge.

And as he lay there he looked through a hole in the lodge above and saw the stars in the sky, and he saw one that was clearer than the others, and he 'gan sing.



ven thus he sang, and thou must sing it very soft,
for it is the sweetest song in all the world ❖ ❖

LITTLE star, I

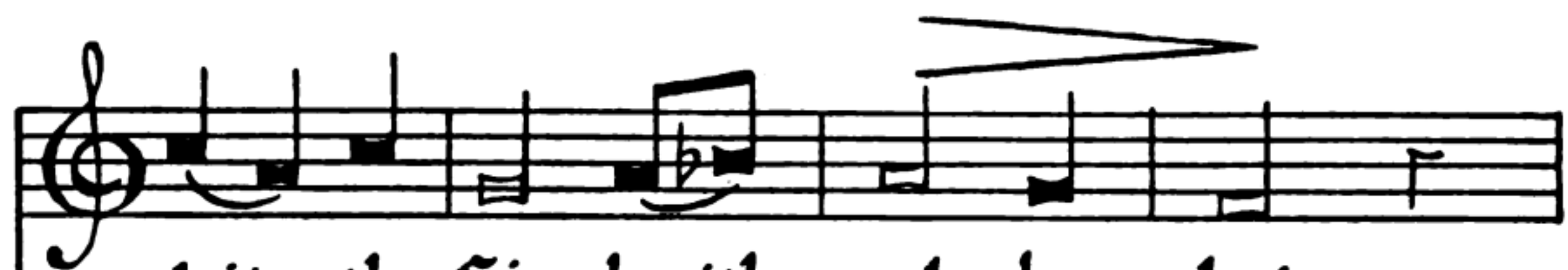
This is the accompaniment on the harp

mf

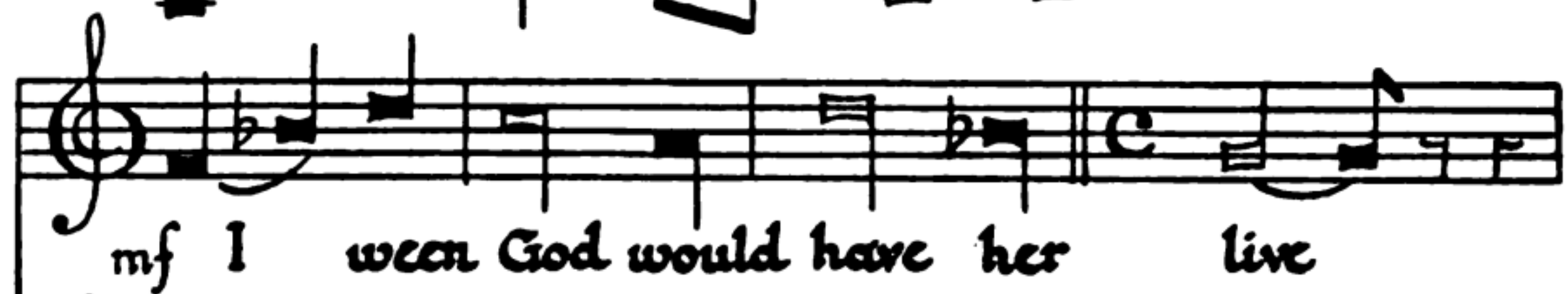
p

thee be-hold, What the moon draws to her

fold, Ni-co-lete is with thee there



Lit - tle friend with gol - den hair .



mf I ween God would have her live

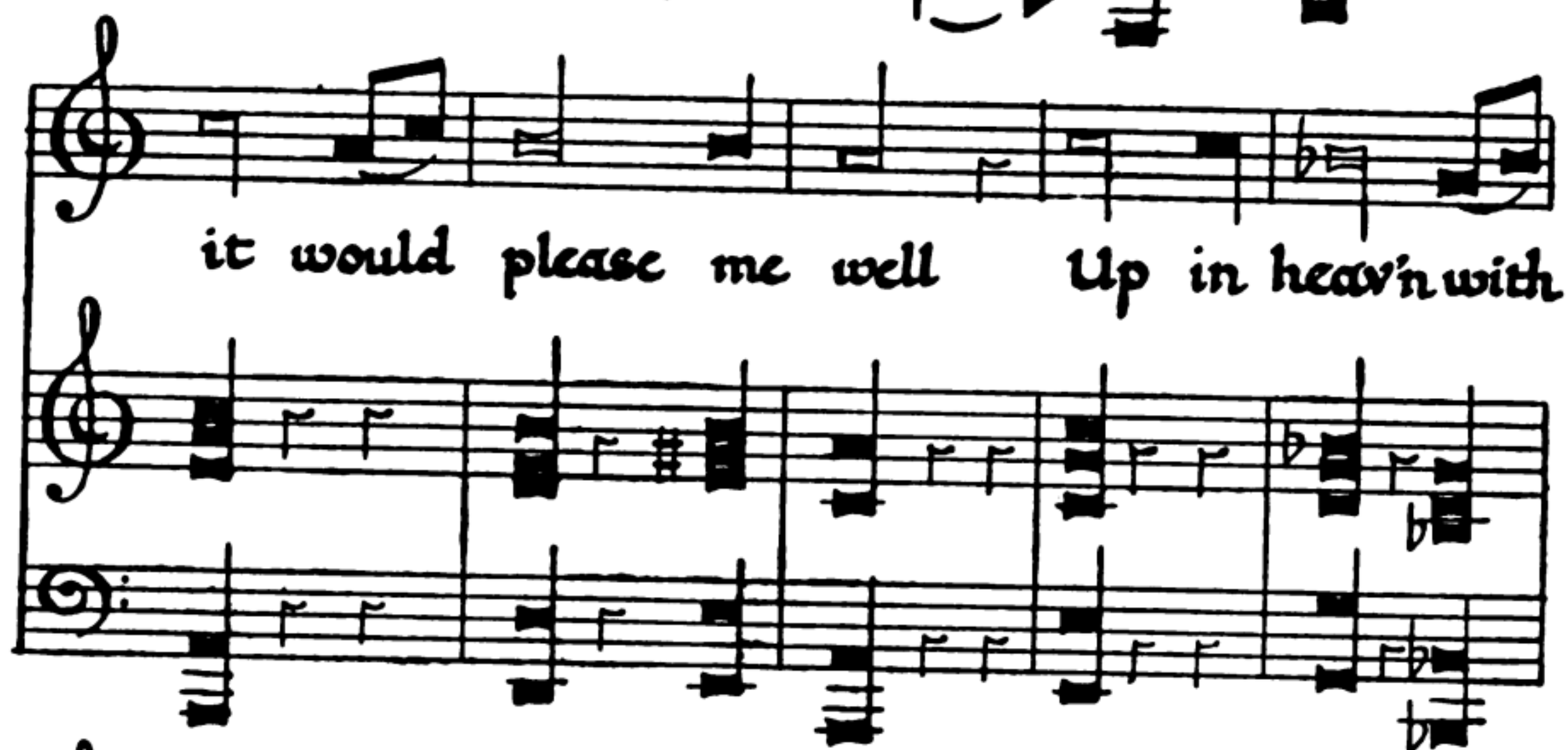


In heavn with Him to light the eve ,





and make night more fair . *p* Sis-ter



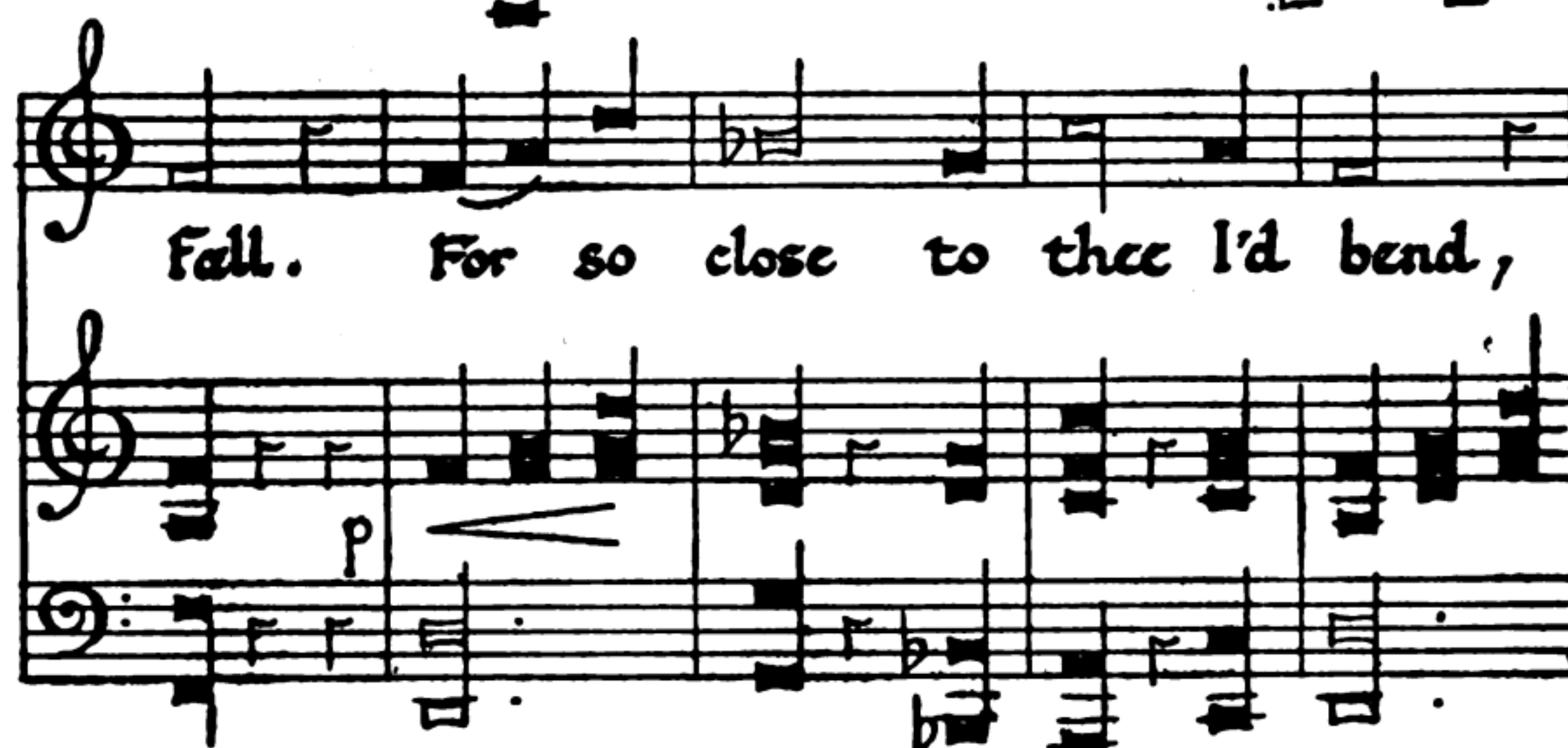
it would please me well Up in heav'n with



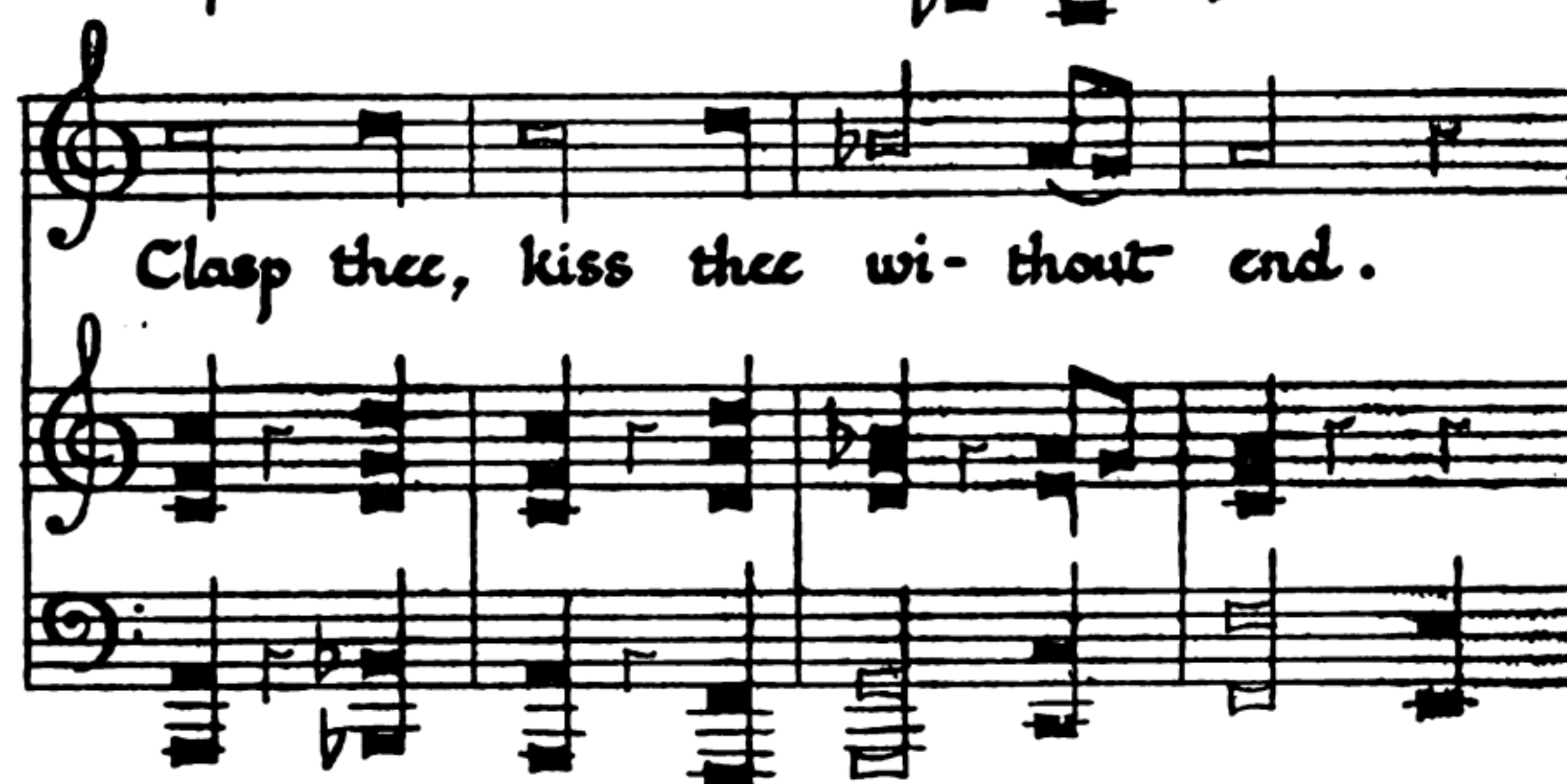
thee to dwell Ne-ver would I fear at



all From thy arms on earth to



fall. For so close to thee I'd bend,



Clasp thee, kiss thee wi- thout end.

mf

Were I Emperor's son, of thee Yet should

mf

I un-wor-thy be, Sis-ter,

Very slowly. p.p

sweet friend, Sweet friend.

p

p.p.



Aucassin & Nicolete

This is story

WHEN Nicolete heard Aucassin, she came to him, for she was not far away. She went into the lodge and threw her arms about his neck and kissed him and embraced him, and said, 'Sweet gentle friend, welcome.'

He said, 'And thou, sweet gentle friend, welcome to thee.'

And they kissed and embraced each other and were very happy.

Aucassin said: 'Oh, sweet friend, but now I wounded my shoulder very sore, but I feel neither pain nor smart since that I have thee with me.'

Then she touched him, and found that his shoulder was out of its place. And she took it with her white hands and gave it a little pull, and God so willed it, for He loves those that love each other, that it came back into its socket. And she took flowers and fresh herbs and green leaves and bound them upon the place with a slip of her chemise, and it was made quite well.

Then she said: 'Aucassin, sweet gentle friend, take counsel what thou doest. For an' thy father make search this forest to-morrow and they find me here, what will be to thee I know not, and they will kill me.'

'Truly, sweet friend,' said he, 'then should I be sad indeed. But if so I may, they shall take thee never.'

He mounted on his horse and took his friend before him, kissing her and embracing her. And they set out toward the open land.

Aucassin & Nicolette

This is singing



Aucassin the strong, the fair,
Gentle Knight and lover rare
From the forest forth doth go,
Holding on his saddle bow

Nicolette that he loves so.

Then to kiss her doth begin,
Eyes and forehead, mouth and chin.

Full of wisdom sayeth she

'Aucassin, sweet friend to me,
Tell me, whither do we go?'

'Dearest love, how should I know?

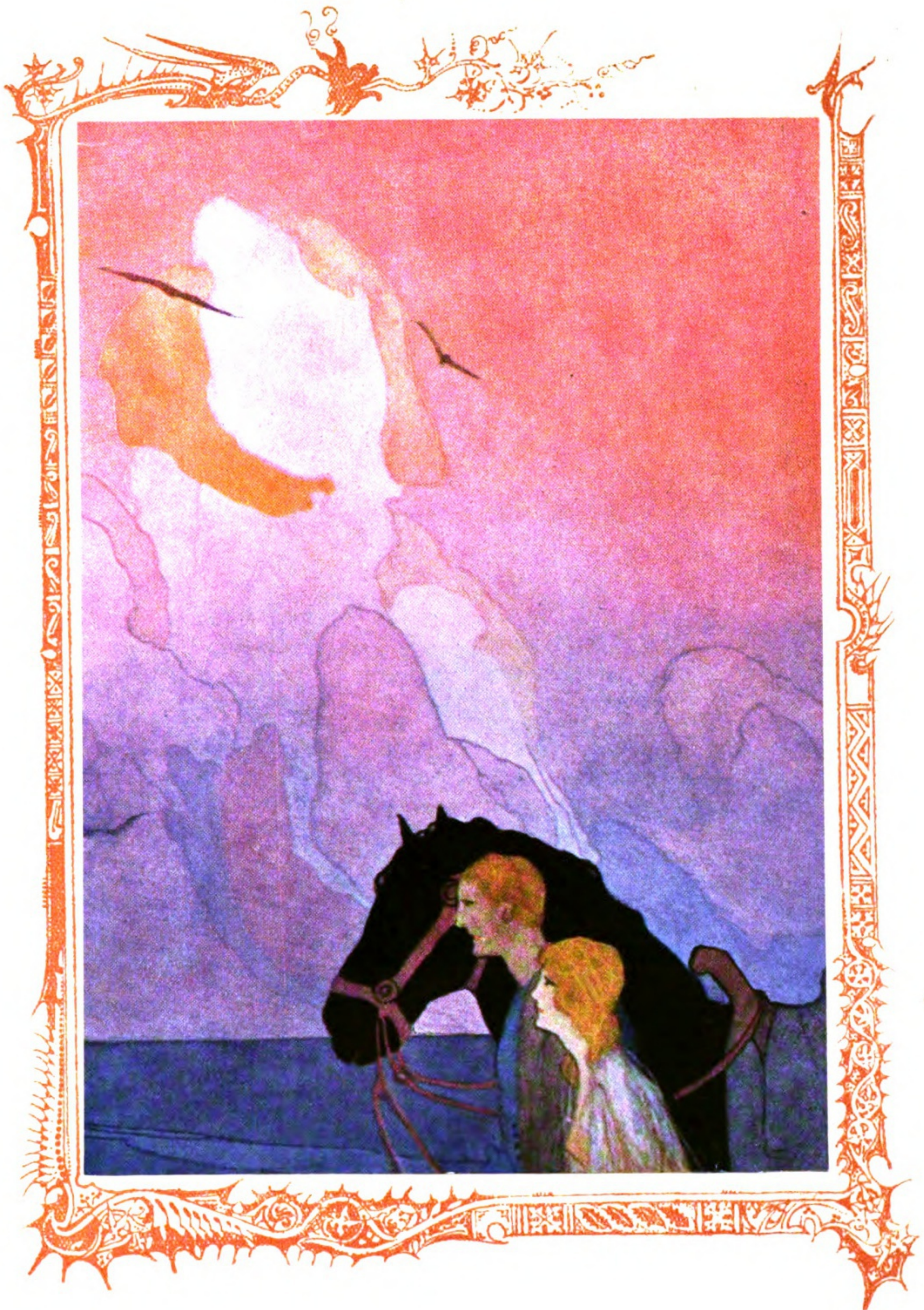
Whither go we, nought I care,
Forest, plain, or hill-side bare,
So that I be with thee there.'

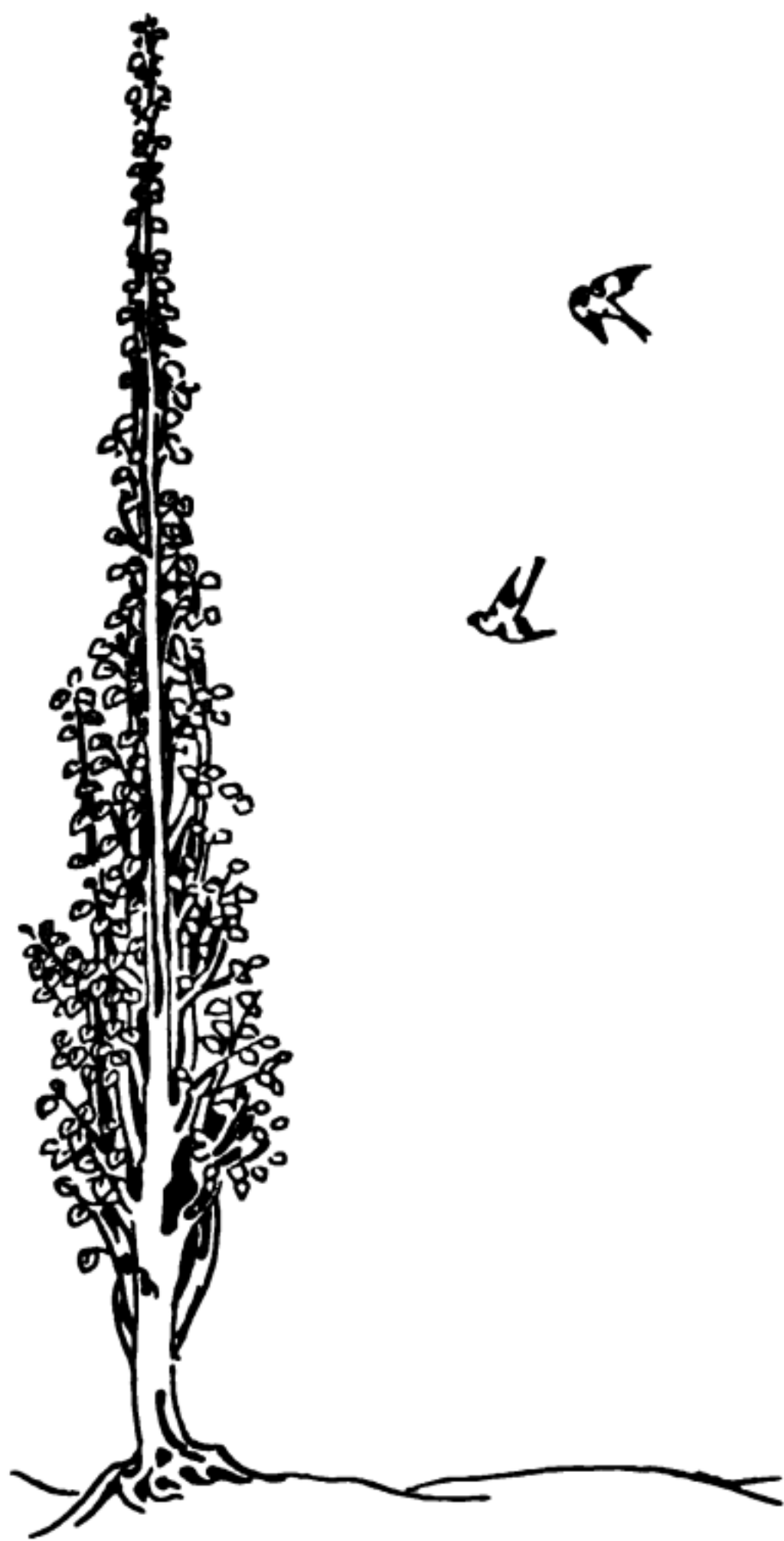
Through the village, through the
town,

Up the hill across the down,
Riding onward through the land,
Thus together forth they passed.

On a day they came at last
Where no town nor houses be,
Lighted down upon the sand
Along the sea.







Aucassin & Nicolette

This is story

So Aucassin lighted down from his horse, he and his love, as I ween ye have listened and heard. He



Aucassin & Nicolette

held his horse by the reins and his friend by her hand, and they began to go along the shore. And Aucassin saw a ship pass, and he could see the mariners as they sailed close to the land. Then he called to them and they came to him, and he made speech with them so that they put them on the ship. And when they were on the high part of the sea, a great torment and storm came, marvellous. And it took them from land to land until they came into a strange country and went into the port of the Castle of Torelore. Then they asked, 'Whose land is this?' The people said, 'It is the land of the King of Torelore.' Then Aucassin said, 'What man is he?' and, 'Is there a war?'

They said, 'Yea, a very great war.'

They took leave of the merchants, and the merchants said, 'God keep you both.'

And Aucassin mounted on his horse with his sword girt and set his friend before him, and they went on until they came to the castle.

He asked, 'Where is the King?'

They said, 'He is in travail with a child.'

'Where then is his wife?'

They said, 'She is with the army, and she hath taken there all the people of this country.'

Aucassin heard this, and fell a-wondering greatly. And he came to the palace and lighted down from his horse, he and his friend. And she held his horse; and he went up into the palace with his sword. And he went through until he came to the chamber where the King was lying.

Aucassin & Nicolette

This is singing

Courteous, gentle Aucassin
Palace chamber enters in,
And he cometh to the bed
Whereupon the King doth lie.

Stays his steps awhile thereby,

Spake to him—and thus he said:

‘How now, fool, what dost thou there?’

Quoth the King, ‘A child I bear.

When my month shall be complete,

And I’m healed and on my feet,

I will have my Churching too

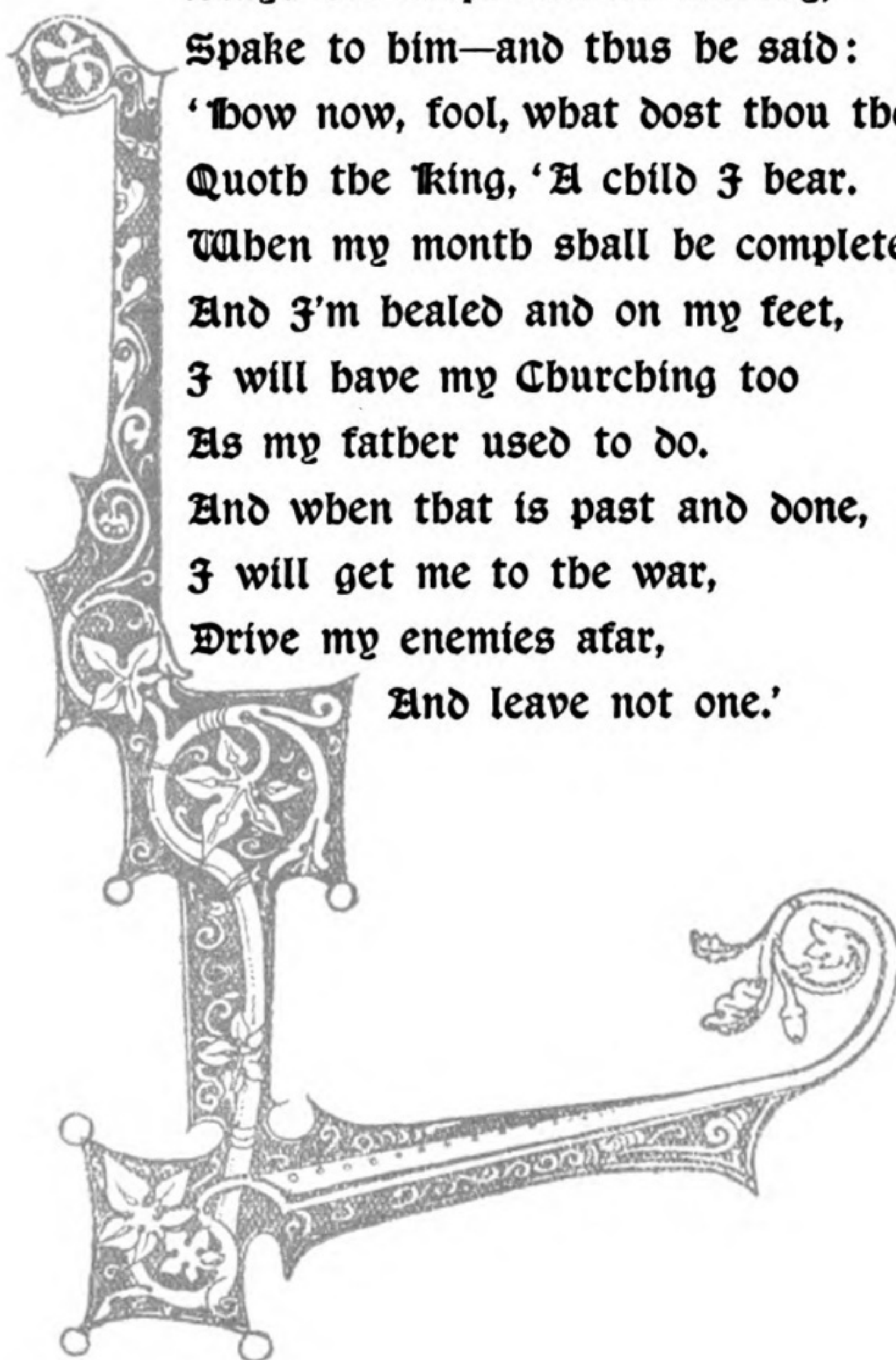
As my father used to do.

And when that is past and done,

I will get me to the war,

Drive my enemies afar,

And leave not one.’



Aucassin & Nicolete

This is story

When Aucassin heard the King speak thus, he took the sheets that were on him and threw them about the chamber. He saw behind him a stick, and he took it and plied it so fiercely that he well nigh beat the King to death.

'Ha, good Sire,' saith the King, 'What dost 'ou. Hast thou lost thy senses so to beat me in my own house?'

'By the heart of God,' quoth Aucassin, 'Thou ill-born bastard, I will kill thee an' thou pledge me not that never in thy country shall man bear children any more.'

So he pledged it, and when he had pledged it, Aucassin said, 'Sir, take me now to thy wife that is with the army.'

'Sire, and that willingly,' quoth the King.

So the King mounted on his horse, and Aucassin mounted on his, and Nicolete stayed in the King's palace. And the King and Aucassin rode until they came to the place where the Queen was. And, lo, there a battle raging, with roasted crab-apples, and eggs and fresh cheeses. And Aucassin 'gan watch them, and he marvelled very much.'



Eucassin & Nicolette

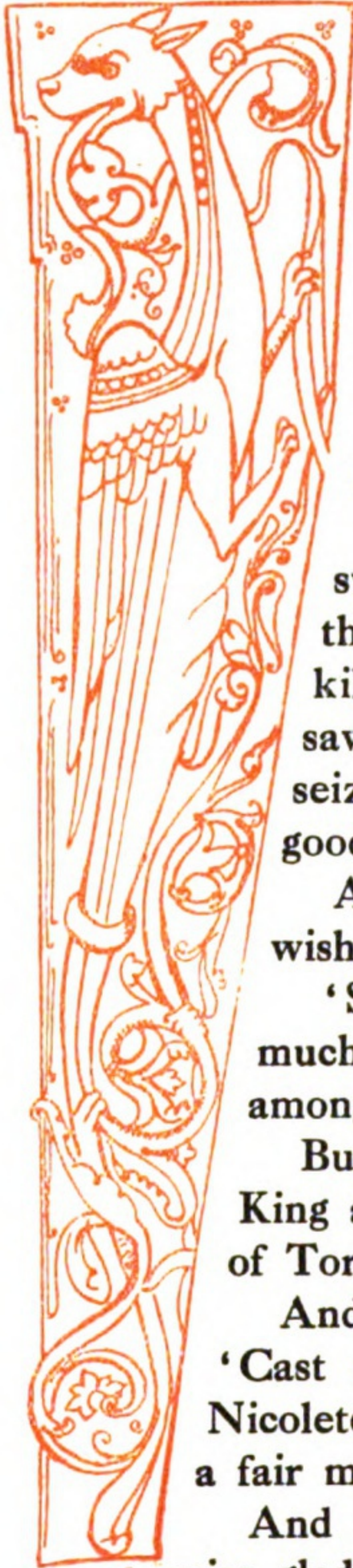
This is singing

Sir Eucassin stayeth now
Resting on his saddle bow,
And began the fight to see,
Marvelled how such things could be.
Store of cheeses brought the host,
For throwing, and crab-apples roast,
Monstrous mushrooms, thick and broad,
Then who splashes most the ford
He will be acclaimed lord.
Eucassin, the brave, the bold,
Thus the battle doth behold,
Watched the massacre awhile:
And then 'gan smile,
'gan smile.



Aucassin & Nicolete

This is story



When Aucassin had beheld this marvel, he came to the King and said, 'Sir King, be these thine enemies?'

'Yea, Sire,' saith the King.

'And wouldst thou that I avenge thee on them?'

'Aye that would I willingly,' saith the King.

Then Aucassin put his hand to his sword and threw himself in the middle of them and began to smite out, right, left, and killed many of them. And when the King saw that he was killing them he came and seized the bridle of the horse and said, 'Ha, good sire, do not kill them so!'

Aucassin saith, 'How now, didst thou not wish me to avenge thee?'

'Sire,' saith the King, 'thou hast done too much vengeance already. It is not customary among us to murder one another.'

But they had all turned and fled. And the King and Aucassin together went to the Castle of Torelore.

And those of the country said to the King: 'Cast now Aucassin out of the land and keep Nicolete for wife unto thy son. For she seemeth a fair maiden and well born.'

And Nicolete heard this, and she was in no wise glad of it, and thus she spake:





Eucassin & Nicolette

 This is singing

Thus spake Nicolette before
Sire the King of Torelore:
'Lo, ye think but lite of this.
When I feel my lover's kiss,
Soft am I to his embrace.
When I am in such a place
An' ye dance or play or sing,
Harp nor viol nor anything,
Nay, not even nimpole mirth
Is any worth.'



Aucassin & Nicolete

Aucassin was in the Castle of Torelore in great ease and in delight for he had with him Nicolete his sweet friend that he loved so. And while he was in such ease and delight, lo, there came by sea a squadron of Saracens, and they laid siege to the castle and took it by force. And they seized everything as spoil and led all the men and women as captif and captives. And they took Aucassin and Nicolete, and they bound Aucassin's hands and feet, and they cast him into one ship, and Nicolete into another. Then a sea-storm rose up, which parted them. And the ship wherein was Aucassin went by sea a-wandering until it came to the Castle Biaucaire. And the men of the countryside ran down to the wreck, and they found Aucassin and knew him. When those of Biaucaire saw their master they were very glad, for Aucassin had been at the Castle of Torelore three years, and his father and mother were dead. So they took him to his castle, and all were his men and he held the country in peace.







Aucassin & Nicolette

This is singing for Aucassin



Aucassin is come again
To Biaucaire his own domain,
And in quietness doth reign;
Then of love thus sayeth he:

'Ihesu, king of Majesty,
What are kinsmen unto me?
What though all my kinsmen die,
Little of them reckon I;
An' my Nicolette were here,
Little friend of face so clear!
Every land of God create
Would I search if t'were my fate
Thee to find that I love so.
Yet where to seek, I do not know.
I'd seek by land, I'd seek by sea,
The world for thee.'



Eucassin & Nicolete

Now we leave Aucassin & speak of Nicolete. For the ship wherein Nicolete was thrown, was of the King of Cartage, and that was her father, & she had twelve brothers, all princes or kings. When they saw Nicolete that she was so fair, then they did her great honour & made feast for her, & often asked her, 'Who art thou?' For she seemed to them a gentle lady and of high parentage. But she would not tell them who she was, for that she had been stolen away while yet a babe. So they sailed until they came over to the City of Cartage. And when Nicolete saw the walls of the castle & the country-side she knew them again; for there had she been brought up as a child, & thence also stolen away; but she had not been so little a child that she knew not now that she was the daughter of the King of Cartage, & that she had been nurtured in that city.

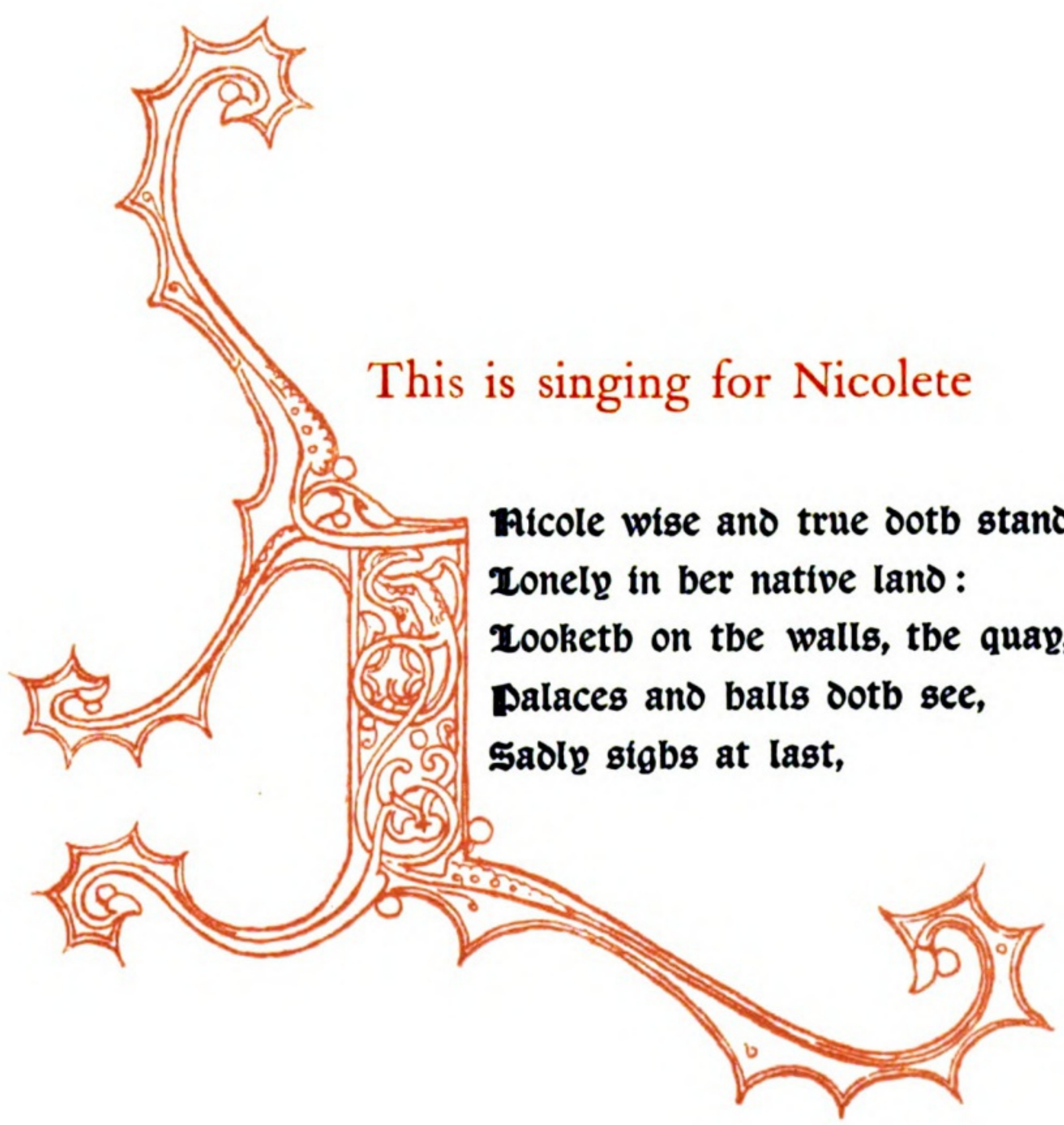






Eucassín & Nicolete

This is singing for Nicolete



Nicole wise and true doth stand
Lonely in her native land :
Looketh on the walls, the quay,
Palaces and halls doth see,
Sadly sighs at last,

This is sad singing

H me! Ah

This is the accompaniment on the harp.

me! What a-vaileth it to be Child of

him who rules it all, p. Cou-sin to the

The musical score is written for a voice and harp. The vocal line begins with a large, ornate initial 'H' that spans across the first two staves. The lyrics are: 'This is sad singing', 'H me! Ah', 'me! What a-vaileth it to be Child of', 'him who rules it all, p. Cou-sin to the'. The harp accompaniment is shown in two staves, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. Dynamics include mf, p, and accents. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal staff and a harp staff.



A - mi - ral . Savage people hold me here



Au - cas - sin my love my dear , Gen - tle , wise , and



good and free , I am vexed by love of



thee; Torn and tried by love of

thee.

Jhe-su grant me,

An-gel King, An thou har-ken

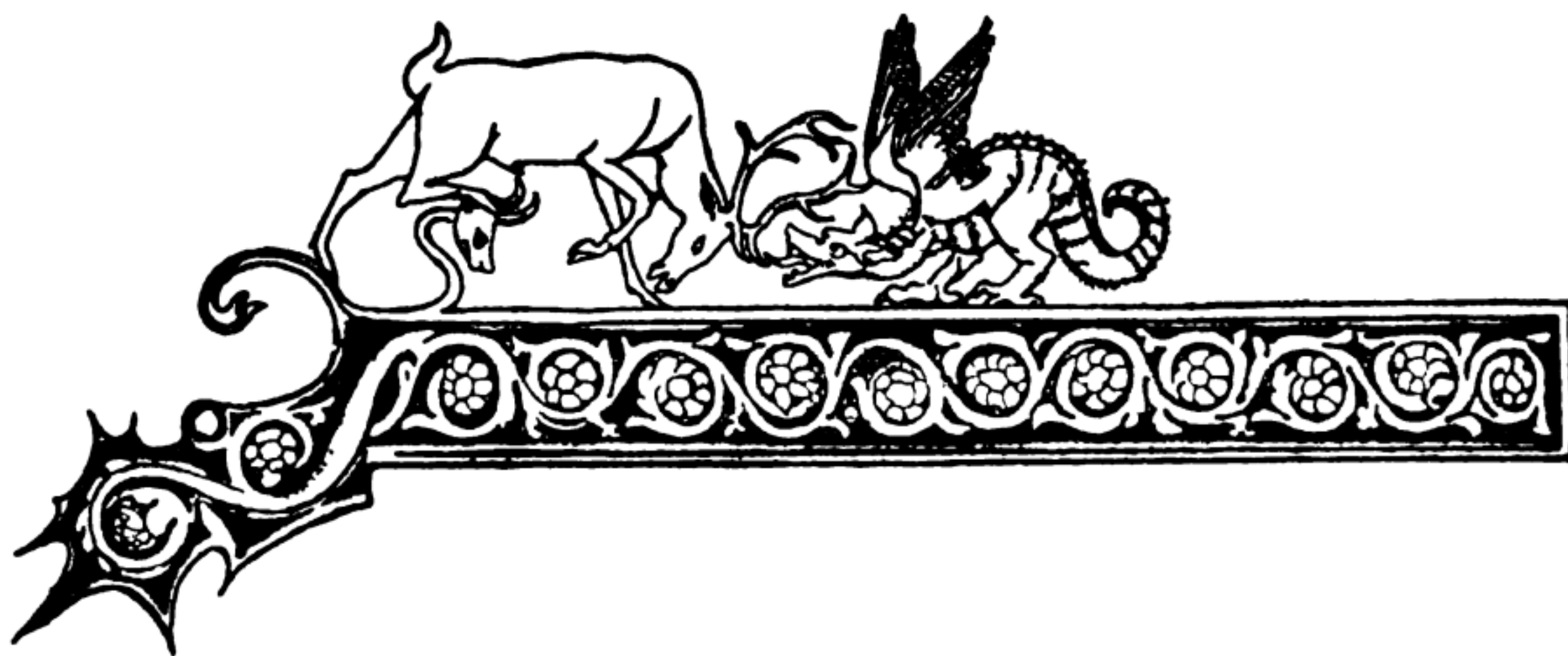
as I sing, Let me lie in

his em- brace. *mf* Let him kiss my

mouth, my face, Be at last to

me res-tored, My love, my

lord .



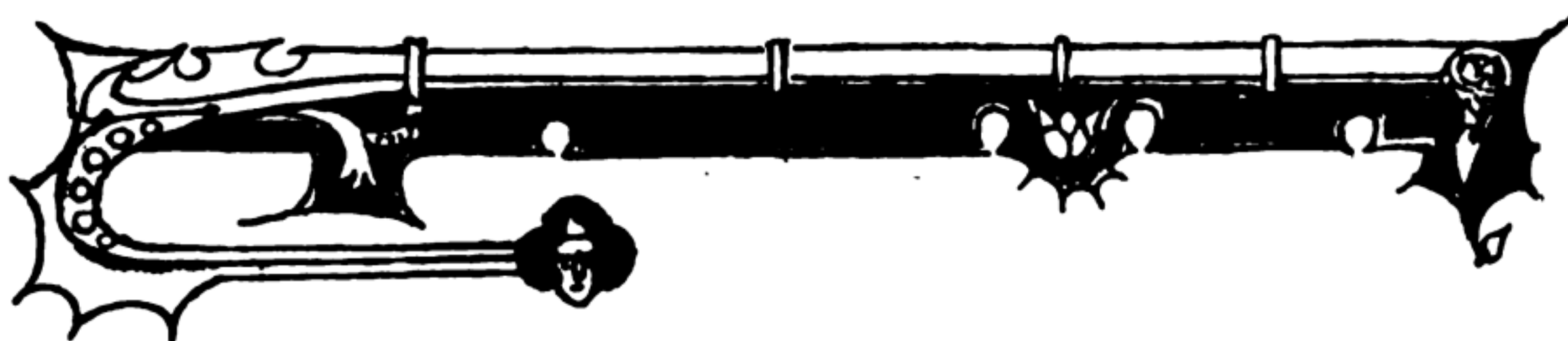
Eucassin & Nicolete

This is story

Now the King of Cartage heard Nicolete say thus and he cast his arms about her neck and said: 'Fair, sweet friend, tell me who thou art. Be not dismayed of me.'

SHE said, 'Sire, I am the daughter of the King of Cartage, and I have been stolen away when I was but a little child full fifteen years ago.'

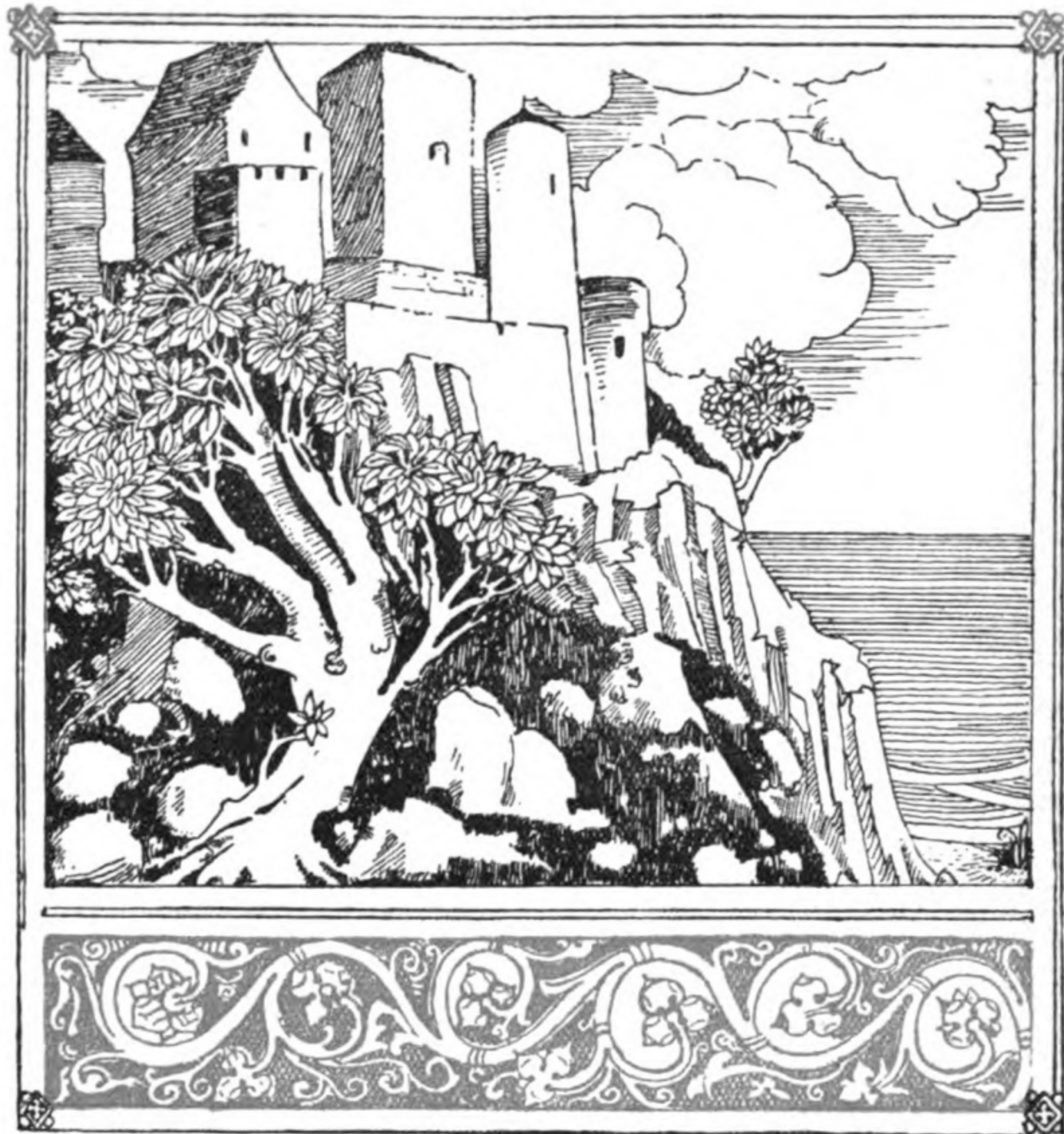
And when they heard her say thus then they knew that she spake truth and they made great feast and brought her to the palace with great honour as being daughter of the King. And she was there three years or four, even until one day they would have married her to a rich king that was a paynim. But she had no liking for that. She thought by what device she might go seek Aucassin. So she got her a viol and learned to play it. Then she stole out one night and came to the sea port and took harbourage with a poor woman on the sea shore. And she found a certain herb and anointed it on her face and her head until she was all dark and stained. And she made coat and mantle and cemissee and hose, and so garbed herself in the way of a Jongelor. And she took the viol and came to a



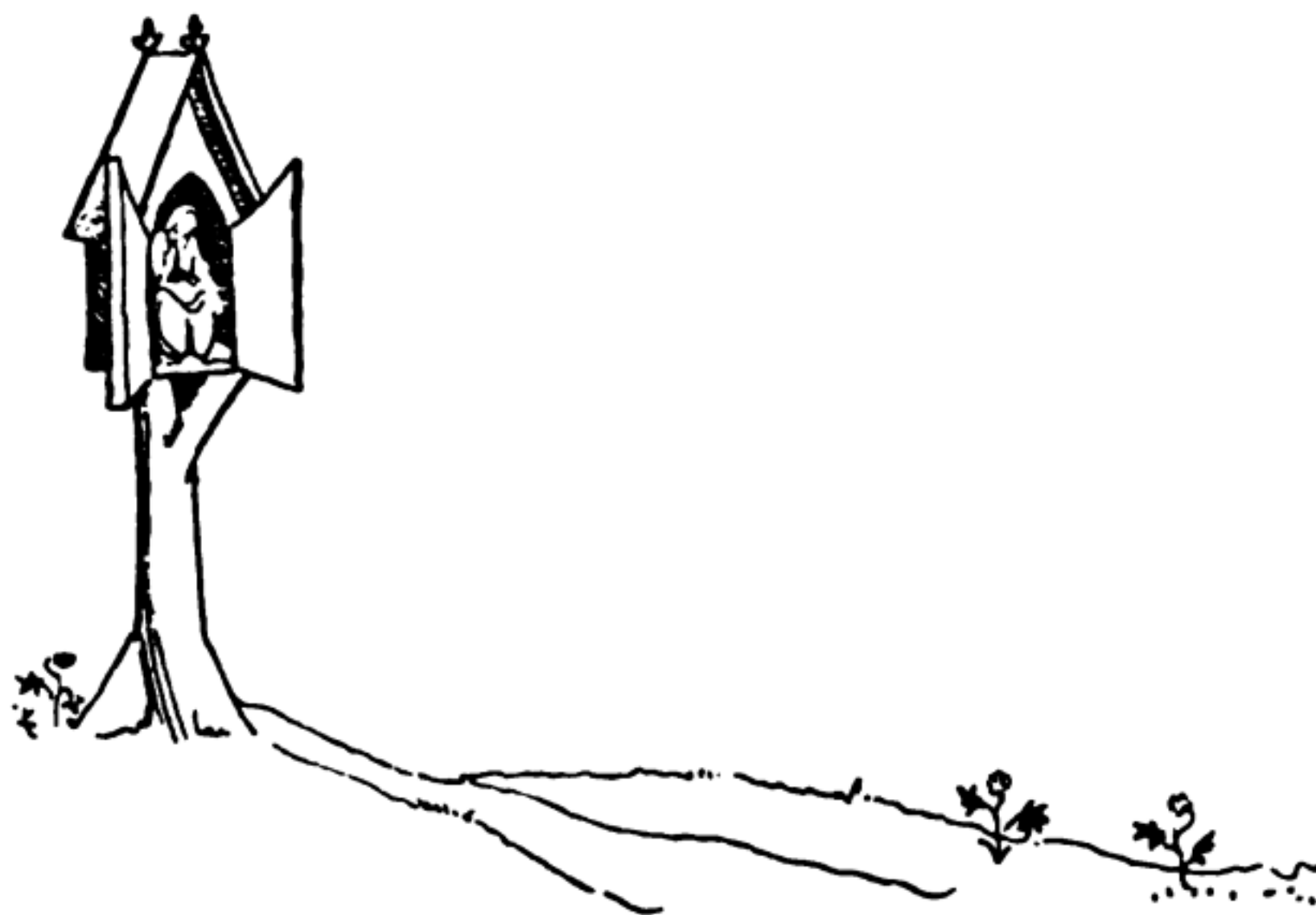
P

Aucassin & Nicolete

mariner and made speech with him so that he let her on his ship. Then they set the sail and went over the high part of the sea until they came unto the land of Provence. And Nicolete went out and took her viol and went through the country-side playing, even until she came to the Castle of Biaucaire where that Aucassin was.







Eucassin & Nicolete

This is singing



T Biaucaire beneath the tower
Sat Eucassin in an hour ;
Dusing sat upon the stair,
Lord and baron round him
there.

Looked he on the flowers of May,
Heard the birdlings' virelay.
And into his heart there fell
Thought of her he loved so well,
Whom he never could forget,
True and gentle Nicolete.
Sigheth he and weepeth.—Lo
There upon the steps below
Nicolete with viol and bow !
And in this wise singeth she :
' Lords and ladies list to me,
Both of high and low degree,—
An' a tale would pleasing be,
How two little children met,
Eucassin and Nicolete ;
How their love hath lasted yet.
Through the forest did they fare,
Came to Torelore, and there
Wicked paynims had them bound
In a dungeon underground.

Eucassin & Nicolete

Of Eucassin nought I know.
Nicolete doth to Cartage go,
Where her father loves her so,
Who of Cartage is the king—
Yet would do a wicked thing:
To a paynim would her wed.
Nicolete were rather dead.
For she loves a courteous knight
Who Eucassinete is bight.
Therefore Nicolete doth vow:
“He’er will I be wedded now,
Save to my own love it be
Who loveth me.”



Aucassin & Nicolete

This is story

WHEN Aucassin heard her say thus he was very happy. And he took her to one side and asked her: 'Dear, sweet friend, knowest thou aught of this Nicolete of whom thou hast sung?'

'Sire, yes. For I know her as the gentlest of all gentle things that God has made, and the kindest and wisest maiden that was ever born. And she is the daughter of the King of Cartage who captured her in that place where also Aucassin was taken, and brought her to the City of Cartage. And then he knew certainly that she was his daughter and made great feast for her. And on a day he would have given her unto one of the greatest Kings of all Spain. But she had rather be hanged or burned than take any other lord however great he be.'

'Ha, sweet, gentle friend,' saith the Count Aucassin, 'an' thou wouldst go unto that land and bid her come speak with me, then would I give thee of all my possessions whatsoever thou wouldst ask or take. For know thou that for love of her will I take no wife of what so high parentage she be, but I will wait always, and I will have no wife save her only. And if I had known where to find her, I should have had little need



Aucassin & Nicolete

to seek her now. For I should have gone to her long ago.'

She saith, 'Sire, an' thou wouldst do that, I will go seek, both for thy sake and also for hers that I love so well.'

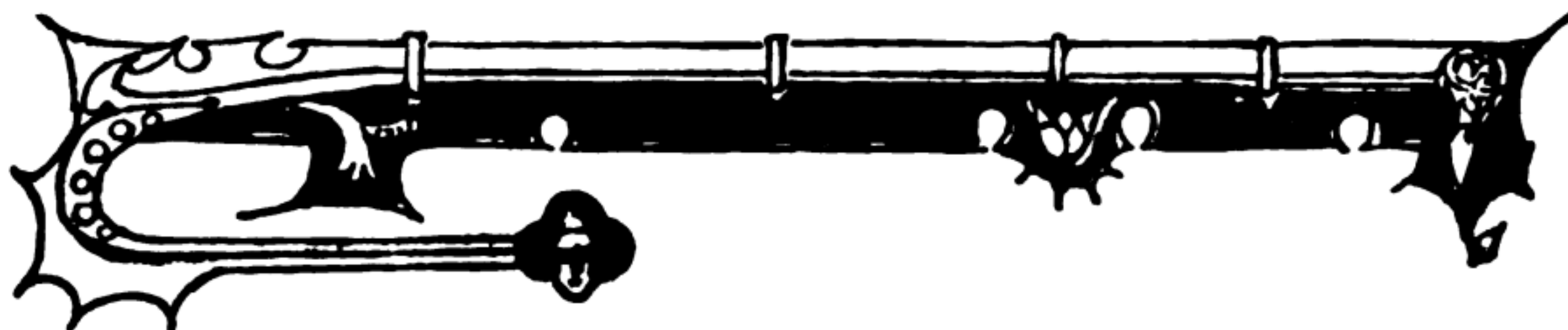
SO he promised it to her and gave her twenty livres.

And she was leaving him when he wept for the sweetness of Nicolete. And she saw him weep, and she said, 'Sire, do not dismay, for in a little while I shall have brought her to thee, and thou wilt see her.'

And when Aucassin heard that he was very happy.

And she went from him and came to the town, to the house of the Viscountess. For the Viscount her god-father was dead. And she harboured there and told her and made known all her tale. And the Viscountess knew her again that it was Nicolete whom she had nursed.

Then Nicolete washed herself and bathed herself and lodged there eight full days. And she found an herb that is named Celandine (or Brightness) and she anointed it on her and was as fair as never she had been at any time before. And she put on rich cloth of silk, whereof the Lady had full great plenty.







Aucassin & Nicolete

Then she sat in her chamber on a quilt made all of silk, and she called the Lady and said, 'Pray you go now for Aucassin my friend.' And the Lady did so.


And when she came to the palace she found Aucassin weeping and making longing for Nicolete his friend, for that she delayed so long. And the Lady called to him and said, 'Aucassin, make no more sorrow, but come with me and I will show thee that which thou lovest most in all the world. For it is Nicolete, thy sweet friend, that hath come from far lands to seek thee.'

And Aucassin was very glad.



Eucassin & Nicolete

This is singing. It is the end

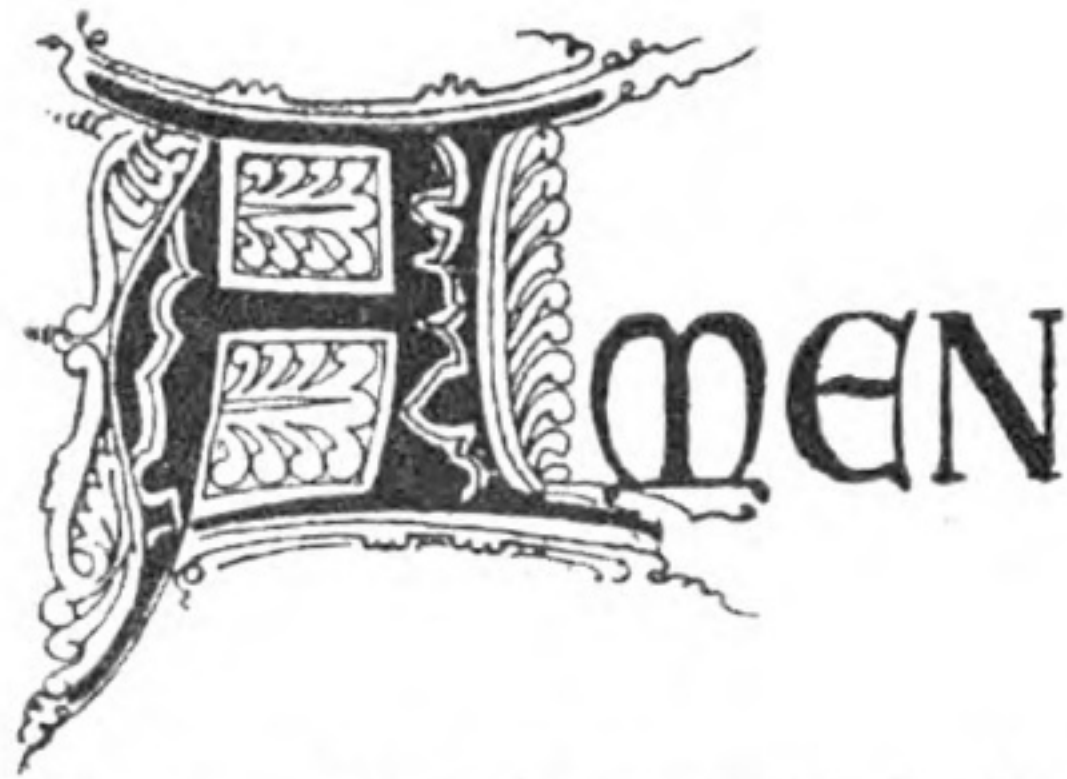


When that Eucassin did hear
Nicolete of face so dear
Dwelleth in his own country,
Never man so glad as he.
Forth then went he with the dame,
Never stopped until he came
To the chamber where they met,—
Eucassin and Nicolete.
When the twain together be,
Never maid so glad as she;
Leapt she up unto her feet,
Eucassin her love to greet.
In his arms the maid he pressed,
Held her close unto his breast;
Folded her in his embrace,
Kissed her eyes and kissed her face;
Lingered loving evening long.
At to-morrow's birdlings' song
Wedded her as his Lady,
Dame of Biaucaire to be.
Eucassin is blithe and gay,
Nicolete as glad as May.
And they lived for many a day,
And our story goes its way.

What more to say?








The story is done. And I give it to her whom I love best in all the world. And may it be so that she think a moment of me as she readeth it with her fair eyes, even though I be but a poor singer and tell not the tale as he told it that is my master. And may God give her all that she prays for always and for ever.



A large, ornate decorative border in a Gothic style, featuring intricate scrollwork and floral patterns. It frames the central text block, with a long horizontal bar at the top and a long vertical bar on the left side, both ending in decorative flourishes.

Empryntit at ye
Camperfield :
presse in ye abbye
toun of Saynt Albans
— England. —

